THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY.

The Oldest Literary and Family Paper in the United States.—Founded August 4, A. D. 1821.

Vol. LV. REED, WICKERSHAM & CO., No. 726 Sansom Street. PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, APRIL 29, 1876. $2 00 a Year, in Advance. Five Cents a Copy. No. 40.

UNBELIEF.

BY OLIVE BELL.

They tell me the future will quicken
The love grown heartless and cold,
That to-morrow gay pennons of pleasure,
Will their manful banners unfold.
That its joys will be many and precious,
Its evils drift harmlessly by,
Like storm-clouds that vanish like phantasms,
Revealing the blue, limpid sky.

That hopes will spring up like bright blossoms,
And garnish the pathway of life,
That charity's mantle will shield me
From arrows of envy and strife.
That sunshine will follow gray darkness,
As surely as night follows day,
And the mist-clouds of woe that enfold me,
Like the vapors of morn melt away.

They tell me that love's perfect dawning
Will rival the glow in the sky,
When the sun rises up in his splendor,
And tints of rare loveliness lie
On fallow-field, upland and meadow,
While jewels of every bright hue
Festoon the tall rushes and brambles
That alas! soon dissolve into dew.

But I know that for me there is nothing
But gloom, O, such desolate gloom!
Like that which o'ershadows a prison,
Or envelops some burial tomb,
For unbelief, with grim, pitiless venom,
Sternly points to blackness within,
Where my soul lies bound in the fetters
Of weaknesses allied to sin.

For my life is so barren of goodness,
So unblessed by faith's fervor divine,
That the unquestioning trust of believers
Will never, ah, never be mine!
For doubts hover round me like phantoms,
Close-leagued with fear and despair,
Clogging my feet, as homeward I toil,
Shutting out all that is holy or fair.

JOSHUA HAGGARD'S DAUGHTER.

By Miss M. E. BRADDON,

Author of "Lady Audley's Secret," etc.

[This story was commenced in No. 34, Vol. 55. Back numbers can always be obtained.]

CHAPTER X.—(CONTINUED.)

Mr. Haggard had returned by this time. The table was laid in the everyday parlor, and the pasties had been taken out of the oven. They had a savory smell, beef and potatoes and onions entering into their composition, and the crust was brown and crisp. Poor Cynthia looked at them with longing eyes, as Miss Webling reviewed them on the dresser, choosing the best baked for the minister's regalement.

Joshua seemed somewhat disinclined to sit down at the neatly-arranged table. He looked at his watch, made some calculation about the coach, walked to the window, looked absently out into the sunny street, and appeared unconscious that his meal was ready.

"The pasty will be cold, dear Mr. Haggard," said Deborah, perplexed by his absence of mind.

"I beg your pardon. Yes, the pasty looks excellent. By the way, that poor child; she has had nothing but a slice of bread since last night. She must be hungry. If she might have a bit of this excellent pasty, now."

Miss Webling inwardly rebelled at the suggestion. What, this potato-pasty, which she had made with her own hands, of the choicest materials, and had baked with greatest care for Sabbath consumption! She remembered excusingly that Mr. Haggard had always been careless and unthinking about victuals.

"I think if Priscilla were to cut her a plate of bread-and-cheese"—she began.

"This seems ever so much nicer," said the minister. "Let her come in here and have some. I want her to tell you her story, poor child, for I think she will win your sympathy by her artlessness."

Miss Webling complied, inwardly reluctant. She opened the parlor door, and called:

"Girl, come here."

And then she cut a plateful of pasty, and set it on a little table under the bird-cage—a table apart. It was not to be permitted that a tramp should sit at table with the minister. The minister's Master may have sat at meat with curious people; but that was a long time ago, before manners had reached that apogee of enlightenment to which they had attained at Penmoyle.

Cynthia came shyly, feeling in her brown-and-yellow gown as if she had been transformed into somebody else.

"Good gracious!" cried Joshua, not altogether approvingly; "what have you done with her?"

"We have done our best to make her tidy," replied Deborah, with dignity; "but of course our things are not altogether befitting her station."

"That wouldn't matter so much if they fitted her," said Joshua; "however, they are clean and whole, and I daresay she feels comfortable in them. Now, Cynthia, sit down and eat your dinner; and then you must tell these kind ladies all you told me on the common where I found you."

Cynthia obeyed, and meekly took the place assigned by Miss Priscilla.

The pasty was very nice, and hunger made it absolutely delicious. The spinsters were shocked to see that Mr. Haggard's *proteges* put her fingers into the plate occasionally.

"She doesn't seem to know the use of a split-spune," said Deborah; forks being graphically described as 'split-spunes,' or sometimes as prongs, at Penmoyle.

"She will learn everything in time," answered Joshua, kindly. That grave, deep voice of his had never assumed a gentler tone, not even when he talked of his daughter.

Having eaten her dinner, Cynthia told the sisters her story—not quite so naively as she had told it to Joshua; but with a frankness which neither Deborah nor Priscilla — though inclined to look with the eye of suspicion upon a strolling young woman—could mistake. The history of this waif, fatherless, motherless, friendless, left outside the Christian fold, was touching enough to move some tender feeling in the village schoolmistress.

"Now I will tell you what I want you to do for her," said Joshua. "Take her as your servant and your pupil. Pay her no wages for her work, which will at first perhaps be very little. I will pay you for her schooling, and provide for her clothing. Let her learn to read her Bible, and add a straight column of figures. I ask for no more than that. Teach her to be handy with her needle, and a good servant. She is young enough and active enough to learn quickly and to be useful. And really, Miss Webling," added the minister, making a final appeal to feminine pride, "ladies of such refinement as yourself and your sister ought not to be without a domestic servant."

"We've tried girls before now, Mr. Haggard, and found them nothing but a worry. We've a woman come in twice a week to scrub, and red-brick, and hearthstone, and blacklead, and the rest we manage ourselves. A lady needn't be the less a lady because she knows how to use her hands."

"Of course not," said the minister, "but with advancing years——"

Priscilla bridled and coughed dubiously.

"We don't pretend to be young women," she exclaimed; "but I don't think either Debbie or I feel age coming upon us yet awhile."

Joshua perceived that he had made a mistake.

"However, to oblige you, Mr. Haggard," said Deborah, "I think we might go so far as to give the girl a trial. Of course coming to us without a character there's a risk. But she seems biddable; and I'll allow that there's a good deal of cleaning up after the children, what with dirty boots and suchlike, that I shouldn't be sorry to have taken off my hands. As for payment for teaching her to read her Bible, I don't think either Priscilla or I would like to take money for that; though I daresay we shall have to begin from the very beginning, and everybody knows that's uphill work. For the matter of clothes she may be beholden to you, Mr. Haggard; and you won't feel the expense of a dress piece now and then, or a dozen yards of calico, and two or three pair of worsted stockings for winter wear, as it's all in your line of business."

"Certainly not," said Joshua. "It'll come lightly enough upon me. If Cynthia does not turn out well under your care it will be her own fault, and I shall feel no further interest in her."

"I shall try very hard to please them, for your sake," said Cynthia, looking up at him gratefully. Oh, what a lovely look it was, and how sweet is gratitude from eyes of heaven's own azure!

"These ladies will teach you to be a Christian, Cynthia," said Joshua, "and when I come to Penmoyle again I shall expect to hear you read a chapter in the Gospel."

"When will you come again?" asked the girl eagerly.

"Next year, perhaps. I am always glad to come westward to see old friends."

"A year? That's a long time."

"Not long to people who are well employed," answered Joshua. "You will have a great deal to learn in the year, Cynthia, so time will pass quickly with you. You must learn to work with your head and your hands; learn to love and honor God, and do your duty to your neighbor."

"I wish I was going with you," said Cynthia.

"That's a foolish wish. I am leaving you with ladies who will be very kind to you."

Copyrighted in the year 1876, by Reed, Wickersham & Co.

"I HAVE COME TO BID YOU GOOD-BYE, CYNTHIA," SAID MR. HAGGARD, KINDLY. "YOU FEEL HAPPY HERE, I HOPE?"

"She shall have the little room in the roof to sleep in," said Deborah. "The roof slopes a good bit, and she must take care not to hit her head against it; but it's high enough in the middle for her to stand upright, and the room's nice and warm under the thatch."

"I don't care where I sleep," said Cynthia. "Anything would be better than the van, it was so close and stifling. I'll sleep under a haystack, ma'am."

"You must call me Miss," said Deborah. "I'm not a married lady. And now, Cynthia—what a queer name, to be sure—see if you can clear the table nicely, and carry the dinner things out without breaking anything, and then you must take the cloth out to the yard and shake it for the chickens. We never waste so much as a crumb, Cynthia, though we keep a liberal table."

The girl obeyed, pleased to be occupied, and removed the plates and dishes quickly and carefully. She had been a drudge in the tents of her wandering tribe, and had learned to be quick with her hands and feet. Deborah looked on quite approvingly.

"She's better than the girls we've had, I do declare," she said, when Cynthia had gone out to administer the fragments of the feast to the poultry, beginning to think that in doing a work of benevolence she was perhaps securing a positive advantage. The girl seemed handier than the miners' or agricultural laborers' daughters of the district, all of whom were exorbitant in their demands for wages, asking as much as a pound or even twenty-five shillings a quarter.

Joshua looked at his watch again. He had a twelve mile walk between him and Truro, and the night coach left that town at ten. It was now five, and the village had that delicious look of repose which such places put on in the mellow light of afternoon.

"I think I must be moving," said the minister.

"Oh, Mr. Haggard, not till you've had a cup of tea," cried Priscilla. "It's past our time already, and the kettle's on the boil. I'll have tea ready in five minutes, and perhaps you'd do us the favor to expound a chapter while the teapot draws. That's a privilege we don't often enjoy."

She ran out to the kitchen, where Cynthia was folding the cloth neatly, showing quite a natural gift that way. Priscilla taught her how to set the tea things—blue willow-pattern cups and saucers, shallow cups with high handles, and very beautiful in the girl's eyes. There was a white and gold covered bowl for the sugar, oval, with colored landscapes on each side. Cynthia had never seen anything so lovely, and from a place of concealment in her bed-chamber, Deborah brought down a glittering silver teapot with a black handle—a teapot that had belonged to the grandparents of the Weblings, and was in itself an evidence of respectability, a silver teapot in families of this class taking the place of a pedigree. This ancestral treasure was drawn forth from its wash-leather retirement to do honor to the minister.

Cynthia carried the tea-tray into the parlor, Priscilla following with the silver pot, lest by any chance the stroller being entrusted with it, should make a sudden rush to the front door, and carry off that valuable.

"Sit down in that chair by the door, Cynthia," said Deborah, when the tray had been placed, "and try to derive profit from Mr. Haggard's teaching."

Cynthia took the chair indicated, and sat with her great blue eyes fixed wonderingly on the minister, doubtful whether he was going to perform conjuring tricks with cards, or to manifest his knowledge of arithmetic and the days of the week, like the learned pony.

The sisters seated themselves primly by the tea table, with folded hands and an expectant expression of countenance, as if ready to meet enlightenment half way with superior intelligence.

Joshua, seated easily, with one arm thrown across the back of his chair, opened his pocket Bible and began to read.

He chose that thrilling description of the last judgment which he had quoted to the sisters earlier in the afternoon:

"And before Him shall be gathered all nations; and He shall separate them one from another, as a shepherd divided his sheep from the goats."

When he had read to the end of the chapter, he preached his brief sermon on the text—a simple and touching commentary that drew tears from Deborah, who was the softer-hearted of the sisters, as Priscilla was the more learned and brilliant. Cynthia listened and wondered. She was too ignorant to be moved by the text, but when Joshua, after his own familiar, personal fashion, set forth the duty of charity and compassion, his words came nearer to her heart, and a faint ray of light stole through the darkness of her mind. She clasped her hands and looked gratefully from Joshua to the maiden sisters.

"And now you can go to the kitchen and sit there, Cynthia, till you are wanted to take away the tea-tray," said Miss Webling, with condescending graciousness. "I'll set you some needlework on Monday, to employ your time of an afternoon."

On which Cynthia dropped a curtsy—she had learned to curtsy gracefully after her little dances in front of the booth—and retired.

"There's one thing I'm uneasy about," said Priscilla, when she was gone. "With a girl like that, who has dropped down from the skies, how can we ever feel secure about the silver?"

This family plate consisted of half a dozen attenuated tea-spoons, a pair of sugar-tongs like scissors, a muffineer, and the teapot.

"If I am any judge of character, that girl will not rob you," said the minister. "But you will soon be able to judge for yourselves. If she is honest in small things, depend upon it, she will be honest in large. If she tells the truth, be sure she will not steal."

Mr. Haggard praised the tea, of which he drank three cups, to the sisters' infinite gratification. There are few points upon which housekeepers are more assailable than on this of teamaking; and tea and sugar in those days were more precious—costing much more than they do now, and the use of them implying gentility.

"And now I must really be going, my kind friends," said Joshua. "I shall not talk about my gratitude for your goodness to day, though I do take it as a favor to myself, for you have done a Christian act, and will obtain your reward. I should like to say a few words to Cynthia before I go away."

"Shall I call her?"

"No; I will go to the kitchen and see her there."

He went into the passage and opened the door at the end of it. The kitchen faced the west, and was all of a glow with the afternoon sun. Roses and honeysuckle garlanded the low wide casement, and pots of yellow musk upon the sill perfumed the warm air. The red-floored kitchen, the dresser with its array of brightly-colored crockery and shining tin and copper, made a Dutch picture; and in the mellow light of the casement stood Cynthia. She had taken her hair out of the hard knot in which Deborah had tied it, and it now hung over her shoulders.

"I have come to bid you good-bye, Cynthia," said Mr. Haggard, kindly. "You feel happy here, I hope?"

"Yes; it is so peaceful. I feel that no one will scold me or beat me. But I wish you were going to stay."

"Why, my dear child?" asked Joshua, touched by the look of affection that accompanied the words rather than the words themselves. "Of what good could I be to you? I could not teach you to sew and to be a clever domestic servant as these kind ladies can."

"No; but I like you best," replied Cynthia, naively.

"I shall come to see you next summer, remember, my dear. It will please me very much if you have learnt to read your Bible by that time."

"Then I'll learn," replied Cynthia, decisively.

"And to be useful and industrious. You must be obedient to your kind mistresses in all things, mind, for I am sure they will never bid you do anything that is not right. And you will attend the chapel twice every Sunday, and on week-day evenings whenever there is a service."

"Yes; I will do all you tell me."

"God's blessing and mine be upon you, dear child," said Joshua, solemnly, laying his hand upon the girl's soft hair; "and may He receive you among his chosen children and servants! Good-bye."

"Good-bye, sir," said Cynthia, dropping a low curtsy.

And so they parted; and for many a day and many a month to come the minister carried the memory of that sunlit kitchen, with its rose-garlanded window in his mind like a picture; and the lines of the picture grew not less vivid with the progress of time.

CHAPTER VII.

NAOMI'S HOLIDAY.

Midsummer had come and gone, and it was sultry August weather again, just a year after the loss of the Dolphin; and life in the minister's house went smoothly on in its established course, every day the exact image of its defunct brother, yesterday. Joshua had been a little more watchful of Oswald and Naomi in consequence of that conversation with Nicholas Wild; and, perceiving nothing in the manner of either that passed the bounds of friendly feeling, had refrained so far from any overt interference. When the time came he would be ready to speak and to act; but it seemed to him that the time had not come. He was not going to offer his daughter to any man, and to attempt to interrogate Oswald as to his feelings or intentions would be in a manner to make such an offer. He had a hearty liking for Oswald Pentreath, and he had confidence in the young man's honor and principle. The life of a man who lives in such a place as Combhollow is tolerably open to inspection, and no one had ever been able to charge Oswald with evil-doing. His pride, his supposed meanness, had been commented upon sharply enough by those who knew him least, and whose ideal squire was a roi'icking young man with plenty of money to spend, and a leaning to get tipsy in the company of his inferiors. But those who liked him least had no more to say than that he was close-fisted and proud; and the few who knew him well praised him warmly, and looked forward to the day when he should rule in his father's place.

Joshua Haggard, after duly considering these things, held his peace.

"I will bide my time, Judith," he said, when his sister attacked him on the subject. "I have seen no love-making between my daughter and Mr. Pentreath."

"As if they'd let you see it!" exclaimed Judith. "There's plenty of time for sweethearting behind your back. In the Wilderness of an evening, when he brings her plants with crackjaw names — such rubbish! not a flower among 'em equal to a marigold or a nasturtium—and ferns (ferns was nobody's money when I was a girl)—do you suppose that isn't sweethearting? And she seldom goes for an afternoon walk but when she meets him."

"Combhollow isn't a large place," said Joshua.

"Of course not; and it's easy for young people to make their plans and not miss each other."

"Jim is always with his sister."

"Yes, and with his eye on every bird and bush, and he running off to climb trees half his time. I know that by the state of his clothes."

"I can trust my daughter," replied Joshua, with a dignity that silenced his sister. "Naomi will keep no secret from her father."

One evening early in the golden harvest month the minister took his daughter aside, and questioned her about Oswald Pentreath.

"We have made a new friend within the last year, Naomi," he began—"a friend of whom you see rather more than I do. What do you think of him?"

The dark-fringed lids drooped over the thoughtful eyes, and a deep crimson glowed on the oval cheek.

"You mean Mr. Pentreath, father?"

"Whom else should I mean, my dear? We don't make many new friends. Tell me frankly how you like him."

"Very much, father."

"That's a straight answer, at any rate. Has he ever professed anything more than friendship for you—such friendship as any well-bred man may naturally feel for a superior young woman?"

"Never!"

"And you think him good and true, Naomi?"

"Indeed I do. I should be very sorry if any one thought otherwise of him."

"Why, my love? He is so little to us, that, except for charity's sake, it could matter little what people think of him."

"I should be sorry if any one thought ill of him, because I know that he deserves people's good word. I know how good he is. I know how patient he is with his father—how glad he would be to make things better for his tenants; how dearly he loves his absent brother; how kind he is to all dumb things, and to Jim—and me."

"He has my good opinion, Naomi, and I am glad to hear you speak well of him. But if ever he should seek to be more than your friend—if ever he were to change from friend to lover—you would tell me, wouldn't you, my dear?"

"Yes, father. I would not think of keeping a secret from you. You are always first in my thoughts."

"There are some, doubtless, who would say I do wrong in allowing any friendship between you and Mr. Pentreath, on account of the disparity in your station. But to my mind, a young woman of high principles and good education is not the less a lady because her father happens to keep a shop; and although I cannot boast such a good old name as Pentreath, I think, by setting my good character against the Squire's bad repute, we may fairly balance the account."

After this understanding with his daughter, Mr. Haggard felt quite easy in his mind about Oswald Pentreath. He knew that Naomi had the higher and nobler nature; that union with her would be moral elevation for Oswald; and he thought it a small thing that the conventionalities should be outraged a little by the marriage of the Squire's son with a grocer's daughter. Again, he had enjoyed so much respect and even reverence from his fellow-men in Combhollow, that he may naturally have fancied himself as great a man as the Squire. He knew that he was better liked and trusted, and that in any conflict between the two powers he could command a majority.

He had told his sister and his children that adventure of his on the way to Penmoyle. Naomi had listened with interest, warmly approving her father's conduct to the waif. Judith had taken a chilling view of the whole thing, and he had opined that Joshua would live to repent his benevolence.

"I never knew any lasting good to come of mixing oneself up in other people's lives," she said with conviction. "You set 'em going right for a little while, perhaps; but they're pretty sure to go wrong again as soon as your back's turned. It's all very well to teach 'em—of course that's our duty; and no harm ever came of teaching, if it doesn't always do good. But when a minister goes beyond his sphere, and tampers with the bodily wants of any idle vagabond he may meet on his way, he's pretty sure to do mischief—at least that's my opinion."

"Fortunately for the poor, it is not an opinion based upon the gospel," replied Joshua.

"You don't find St. Paul going about the world getting situations for women, and hampering himself with the expense of their clothing," retorted Judith. "He preached to them. That was his mission, and he stuck to it."

Joshua took no trouble to defend his line of conduct in this matter. He was so far lord of himself and of his own life as to do what he pleased on all occasions, without any explanation of his motives. But when he came to pack a parcel of materials for Cynthia's cloth-

ing, Miss Haggard, who had the drapery business under her thumb, made herself as disagreeable as she could by picking out the ugliest printed goods, the coarsest calico, and flannel very little superior to that which she dealt out to Sally for the washing of stone floors.

"If you must clothe paupers, clothe them suitably," she remarked, as she bounced a piece of hideous print upon the counter, the pattern an ace of clubs on a dingy yellow ground.

"I won't have yellow," said Joshua, decisively, recalling that brown and yellow striped gown in which the Miss Weblings had arranged his protege.

"Nothing better to wear and wash," replied Judith, "and she'll want stuff that'll stand wear. Servant girls can't afford to choose things for prettiness. I sold a gown off that piece to the housemaid at the Grange."

"I'll choose for myself," said Joshua, inspecting the shelves.

He selected two inoffensive patterns in a cool, clean-looking lavender.

"That's one of the dearest pieces of goods we've got in stock," objected Judith.

"I want something that will stand wear," replied Joshua. "Measure a gown off each of those while I look out something for Sundays."

"She can wear this on Sunday, and plenty good enough, while it's clean."

Joshua continued his examination of the shelves without noticing this remark, and presently pulled out a piece of printed stuff—quite a lady's pattern—white ground, dotted with tiny pink rosebuds, fresh and innocent looking.

"You're not going to cut that piece, surely, Joshua!" cried his sister, horrified. "I've been saving that for Miss Tremaine. She wanted something neat and pretty for frocks for her nieces."

"There'll be plenty left for Miss Tremaine's nieces after I've taken off a frock for Cynthia," replied Mr. Haggard, and without another word to his sister, he measured off the regulation quantity, and then changed the hop-sack calico and the coarse flannel for materials of fair and decent quality. Then he looked into the drawers under the counter, and chose a bonnet-ribbon, and packed all these things in stout brown paper, for the Truro coach.

"I can't think what's come to you, Joshua, meddling with such fiddle-faddle," said Judith, discontentedly.

"I should have left it for you to do, Judith, if you had been disposed to do it with good grace," answered Joshua, calmly.

He wrote the address upon the parcel, and carried it to the Truro coach in his own hands, and gave it into the guard's keeping, with special instructions for its conveyance to Penmoyle. He experienced a mild thrill of happiness after doing this, such as a loving mother feels when she has sent some gift to a child at school.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

GARDEN WORK.

The time has now come when work in the garden is in order. It is hardly worth while to commence till the earth is dry and warm, though where the slope is good and the subsoil what it ought to be, the time for sowing seed is not a long while coming when we have had a few warm spring days.

Among vegetables the first things thought of are generally radishes and lettuce. These do not take much ground and it is not a heavy task to get through with them. It is a rule with most vegetables to like very rich soil, but it is especially true of these two. Then we want some early cabbage, and these should be sown as early as possible in some warm and well-sheltered nook. The tomato has probably been attended to by some in a box in the kitchen window, for these remarks are intended for those who have small gardens only.

After these preliminary crops are out of the way, peas are looked after, then potatoes and a few beets. These constitute the main vegetables that are to be sown for early crops.

But there are a few others for which we do not look for particular earliness, but which are always best when sown as early as we can get them in. The onion-set is one of these. The onion hates heat and does all its growing in early spring. In the north they will mature in one season; here the seedlings soon dry up, and have to be set out the following spring to mature. The seed is best not sown too early in this latitude, or the sets will grow too large if the spring is cool, and run to seed next year, instead of forming large bulbs. The parsnip and salsify are also crops needing very early sowing in order to mature well, the last especially, as it is rather a cool-country plant. A little parsley is a nice thing to have at hand, and as it takes a rather long time to sprout, should be got into the ground in time.

Having got in these earlier crops, we may now sow some things in readiness for the fall crops. Late cabbage and celery are especially of this class. Those who are fond of lettuce also sow a little more, though to most tastes, only the earliest sown are of the choicest character. Fall cauliflower does not thrive very well with us, but where it is to be tried, it should be sown about the same time as the cabbages.

When the ground gets to be a little warm, and not before, we sow the seeds of a more tropical character, the bush bean generally coming in for the first share of our time. Later crops of peas and beets are sown, and then the lima bean. Sweet corn then follows, winding up with the squash and melon family, cucumbers, etc., and finally setting out egg plants, tomatoes, and other vegetables that have been prepared before.

This is about the routine of spring sowing in the small vegetable garden. There is nothing in what we have said, of course, new to those who know, but we have always many new readers and young gardeners to whom these practical hints are always welcome.

—*Germantown Telegraph.*

COURTSHIP AND MARRIAGE.—The woman that is a happy wife need not long to be courted again. There is no need—she is won. Nor are many compliments necessary. Mutual devotion is an ever-appreciated compliment. Yet, still, you are married, do not quite forget those old days which drew you to each other. Be lovers always. Many people are, and those who love are safe. The meeting and parting kiss, the kind look, the appreciative word—never forget these. Never let marriage degenerate into the commonplace. So surely as you do worse will follow; for the husband and wife who have no tender sentiment toward each other will become foes.

WHAT HE SAID TO HER.

BY MARY B. COLBY.

Put your head in mine, Helen,
And look into my eyes,
And read the trust and tenderness
And love that in them lies.
My heart is like a kingdom,
With you upon the throne,
And every day and every night,
It beats for you alone.

Our future is before us;
We cannot see it clear,
Yet if we trust each other,
It will be happy, dear.
And if we trust the Father
Who lives in Heaven above,
It will be sweet and peaceful,
With the presence of His love.

It may be clouds will darken
The brightness of the sky,
And we often shall grow weary,
But there's resting by and by.
While we are together
We will not be desolate,
And when we can go no further,
We will fold our hands and wait.

Across the river Jordan,
Where the many mansions be,
I shall come day go to you, dear,
Or you will come to me,
And we will trust the Father
Until our dying day,
For he will lead us gently
Along our future way.

BAFFLED!

BY

Mrs. HENRY WOOD.

[This story was commenced in No. 23, Vol. 25. Back numbers can always be obtained.]

CHAPTER XI—[CONTINUED.]

CHAPTER XIII.

MISS BLAKE GETS IN.

Still no signs of the Rev. Guy Cattacomb. The morning following the night told of in the last chapter rose bright and sunny. Miss Blake rose with it, her energetic mind full of thought.

"I wonder how I am going to begin to keep house?" said Lucy, with a laugh, when she got up from the breakfast table, her cheeks as bright as the pink summer muslin she wore. "Do I go into the kitchen, Theresa?"

"You go with the cook to the larder," replied Theresa, gravely. "See what remains in it from yesterday, and give your orders accordingly. Shall I go with you this morning, Lady Wynne?"

"Oh, I wish you would! I wish you'd put me in the way of it. In Paris, when I was going to be married, mamma regretted she had not shown me more of housekeeping at home."

"You have, I believe, an honest cook, and that is a great thing for an inexperienced mistress," said Miss Blake.

"As if cooks were ever dishonest in the country!" cried Sir Karl, laughing—and it was the first laugh Miss Blake had heard from his lips. "You must go to your grand London servants for that—making their perquisites out of everything, and feeding their friends and the policeman."

"And then Karl, when I come back from the larder you will take me about everywhere, won't you?" whispered Lucy, leaning fondly over his shoulder, as Miss Blake went on. "I want to see all about the grounds."

He nodded and let his cheek rest for a moment upon hers. "Go and order your roast beef. And—Lucy!"

His manner had changed to seriousness. He turned in his chair to face her, his brow flushing as he took her hands.

"You will not be extravagant, Lucy," his voice sinking to a whisper lower than hers. "When I told you of that—that trouble which had fallen upon me, and might fall deeper, I said that it would cost me a large portion of my income. You remember?"

"Oh, Karl, do you think I could forget? We will live as quietly and simply as you please. It is all the same to me."

"Thank you, my dear wife."

Theresa stood at the open hall door, looking from it while she waited.

"I was thinking," she said, when Lucy Wynne's step was heard, "that it really might be cheaper in the end if you took a regular housekeeper, Lucy, as you are so inexperienced. It would save you a great deal of trouble."

"The trouble's nothing, Theresa, and I should like to learn. I'll not think of a housekeeper. I should be afraid of her."

"Oh, very well. As you please, of course. But when you get your whole staff of servants—the house full of them—the controlling of the supplies for so many will very much embarrass you."

"But we don't mean to have our house full of servants, Theresa. We do not care to set up on a grand scale, either of us. Just about as papa and mamma live will be enough for us indoors."

"Nonsense!" said Miss Blake.

"We must have a coachman—Karl thinks he shall take on Sir Joseph's; the man has asked to come—and, I suppose, one footman to help Hewitt, and a groom. That's all. I think we have enough maids now."

"You should consider that Sir Karl's income is a large one, Lucy," spoke Miss Blake, in a tone of lofty reproach. "It is absurd to take your papa's scale of living as a guide for yours."

"But Sir Karl does not mean to spend his income; he has a reason for saving it."

"Oh, that's another thing," said Miss Blake. "What is his reason?"

The young Lady Wynne could have reproached her rebellious tongue. She had spoken the hasty words in the heat of argument, without thought. What right, either as a wife or a prudent woman, had she to allow allusion to it to escape her lips? Her rejoinder was given slowly and calmly.

"My husband is quite right not to set out by spending all his income, Theresa. We should both of us think it needless extravagance. Is this the kitchen? Let us go in here first. I must get acquainted with all my place and people."

The business transacted, Lucy went out with Karl. Theresa watched them on to the lawn and thence round the house, Lucy in her broad-brimmed straw hat and her arm within her husband's. Miss Blake then dressed herself and walked rapidly to St. Jerome's. Some faint hope animated her that Mr. Cattacomb might have arrived and be already inaugurating the morning service. But no. St. Jerome's was closely shut, and no Mr. Cattacomb was there.

She retraced her steps, lingering to rob the hedges of a wild honeysuckle or a dog-rose. This non-arrival of Mr. Cattacomb began to trouble her, and she could not imagine why, if he were prevented coming, he had not written to say so. Reaching the Maze, Miss Blake woke up from these thoughts with quite a start of surprise, for the gate was open and a woman servant stood there, holding colloquy with the butcher's boy on horseback; a young man in a blue frock, no hat, and basket on his arm. A middle-aged and very respectable servant, but somewhat old-fashioned in her appearance; a spare figure, straight up and down, in a dark cotton gown and white muslin cap. In her hand was a dish with some meat on it, which she had just received from the basket, and she appeared to be reproaching the boy on the score of the last joint's toughness.

"This hot weather one can't keep nothing hardly," said the boy in apology.

"I was to ask for the book, please, ma'am."

"The book!" returned the woman. "Why I meant to have brought it out. Wait there, and I'll get it."

The boy, having perhaps the spirit of restlessness upon him, backed his steed and turned him round and round in the road like a horse in a mill. Miss Blake saw her opportunity and slipped in. Gliding along the path, she concealed herself behind a large tree trunk near the hedge, until the servant should have come and gone again. Miss Blake soon caught sight of her skirts amid the trees of the Maze.

"Here's the book," said she to the boy. "Ask your master to make it up for the month, and I'll pay." And shutting and locking the gate, she plunged into the Maze again and disappeared.

When people do covet things in a hurry, they can't expect to have all their senses about them, and Miss Blake had probably forgotten that she should be looked in. However, here she was in the position, and must make the best of it.

First of all, she went round the path, intending to see where it led to. It was fenced in by the garden wall, the high hedge, and shrubs on one side; by the trees of the Maze on the other. Suddenly she came to what looked like a low, vaulted passage built in the Maze, which probably communicated with the house, but she could not tell. Its door was fast, and Miss Blake could see nothing.

Pursuing her way along the walk, it brought her round to the entrance gate again, and she remembered Tom Popp's words about the path going round and round and leading to nowhere. Miss Blake was not one to be daunted. She had come in to look about her, and she meant to do it. She plunged into the Maze.

Again had she cause to recall Master Popp's account: "Once get into that there Maze, and you'd never get out again without the clue." Miss Blake began to fear that there was only too much truth in it. For a full hour in reality—and it seemed to her like two—did she wander about and wander again. She was in the Maze, and could not get out of it.

She stood against the back of a tree, her face turning hot and cold. It took a great deal to excite that young woman's pulses; but she did not like the position in which she had placed herself.

She must try again. Forward thither, backward hither, round and about, in and out. No; no escape; no clue; no opening. Nothing but the same interminable trees and narrow paths so exactly like one another.

"What will become of me?" gasped Miss Blake.

At that moment a voice very near rose upon her ear—the voice of the servant she had seen.

"Yes, ma'am, I'll do it after dinner."

Unconsciously Miss Blake had wandered to the confines of the Maze that were close on the house. A few steps further and she could peep out of her imprisonment.

A small, low, pretty gabled-house of red brick. A sitting-room window, large and thrown open, faced Miss Blake; the porch entrance, of which she could get a slanting glimpse, fronted a grass-plat, surrounded by most beautiful flower-beds, with a green-house at the end. It was a snug, compact spot, the whole shut in by a high laurel hedge. On the grass stood the woman servant, spreading some bits of linen to dry, that Miss Blake made out to be cambric handkerchiefs: her mistress had probably been speaking to her from the porch.

An old man, with either a slight hump on his back or a dreadful stoop, was bending over a distant flower-bed. He wore a wide, yellow straw hat, and a smock frock similar to that of the butcher's boy, only the latter's was blue and the old man's white. His hair was gray and he appeared to be toothless; but in his prime he must have been tall and powerful. Miss Blake made her comments.

"What an extraordinary solitude for a young person to live in! But what choice flowers those look to be! That toothless old man must be the gardener; he looks too aged and infirm for his work. Why does she live here? There must be more in it than meets the eye. Perhaps—"

The soliloquy was arrested. The door of the sitting-room opened, and a young lady entered. Crossing to the window, she stood looking at something on the table underneath, in full view of Miss Blake. A fair girl, with a delicate face, damask cheeks, blue eyes, and hair that gleamed like threads of light gold.

"Good gracious! how lovely she is!" was Miss Blake's involuntary thought. "Could this young girl be Mrs. Grey?"

She left the window again. The next minute the keys of a piano were touched. A prelude was played softly, and then there rose a verse of those lines in the "Vicar of Wakefield" that you all know so well, the voice of the singer exceedingly melodious and simple:

"When lovely woman stoops to folly,
And finds too late that men betray,"

Miss Blake had never in her life cared for the song, but it bore now a singular charm. Every word was distinct, and she listened to the end. A curious speculation crossed her.

Was this young lady singing the lines in character? "Heaven help her then!" cried Miss Blake—for she was not all hardness.

But how was she, herself, to get away? She might remain there unsought for ever. There was nothing for it but boldly showing herself. And as the servant was then coming back across the lawn with some herbs which she had apparently been to gather, Miss Blake wound out of the maze, and presented herself before the woman's astonished eyes.

She made the best excuse she could. Had wandered inside the gate; attracted by the mass of beautiful trees, and lost herself amidst them. After a pause of wondering consideration, the servant understood how it must have been—that she had got in during her temporary absence from the gate when she went to fetch the butcher's book; and she knew what a long while she must have been there.

"I'll let you out," she said. "It's a pity you came in."

Very rapidly the woman walked on through the Maze, Miss Blake following her. There were turnings and twistings, and the latter strove to catch some clue to the route. In vain. One turning, one path seemed just like another.

"Does your mistress live quite alone here?" she asked of the servant.

"Yes, ma'am," was the reply, more civilly spoken—for, that the servant had been much put out by the occurrence, her manner testified. "She's all alone, except for me and my old man."

"Your old man?" exclaimed Miss Blake, questioningly.

"My husband," explained the woman, perceiving she was not understood. "He is the gardener."

"Oh, I saw him," said Miss Blake. "But he looks quite too old and infirm to do much."

"He's not as old as he looks—and he has got a good deal of work in him still. Of course when a man gets rheumatics, he can't be as active as before."

"How very dull your mistress must be!"

"Not at all, ma'am. She has her birds, and flowers, and music, and work. And the garden she's very fond of: she'll spend hours in the green-house over the plants."

"Mrs. Grey, I think I have heard her called."

"Yes, Mrs. Grey."

"Well now—where's her husband?"

"She's not got a hus—at least, her husband's not here."

The first part of the answer was begun in a fierce, resentful tone; but at the break the woman calmed down. Miss Blake was silently observant, ponderering all in her inquisitive mind.

"Mr. Grey is traveling abroad just now," continued the woman. "Here we are."

Yes, there they were, escaped from the Maze and the iron gate before them. The woman took a key from her pocket and unlocked it—just as Sir Karl had taken a key from his pocket the previous night. Miss Blake saw now what a small key it was to undo so large a gate.

"Good morning," she said. "Thank you very much. It was thoughtless of me to stroll in."

"Good day to you, ma'am."

Very busy was Miss Blake's brain as she went home. The Maze puzzled her. That this young and pretty woman should be living alone in that perfect seclusion with only two servants to take care of her, one of them at least old and decrepid, was the very oddest thing she had ever met with. Miss Blake knew the world tolerably well; and, so far as her experience went, a man whose wife was so young and so lovely as this wife, would take her traveling with him. Altogether it seemed very singular; and more singular still seemed the stealthy and familiar entrance, that she had witnessed, of Sir Karl Wynne.

It could not be said that Lady Wynne had no acquaintance at Foxwood. She knew the Vicar's eldest daughter, Margaret, who had occasionally stayed with Mr. and Mrs. Blake at Winchester; the two clergymen were acquainted, having been at college together. Lady Wynne went at once to see Miss Sumnor; walking alone, for Karl was busy. The church, a very pretty one, with a tapering spire, was just through the village; the vicarage joined it, a nice house, with a verandah running along the front, and a good garden and glebeland.

On a couch in a shaded room, lay a lady of some thirty, or more, years of age; her face thin, with upright lines between the eyebrows, telling of long-standing trouble or pain, perhaps of both; her hands busy with some needle-work. Lady Wynne, who had not given her name, but simply asked to see Miss Sumnor, was shown in. She did not recognize her at the first moment.

"Margaret! It cannot be you."

Margaret Sumnor smiled her sweet patient smile, and held Lady Wynne's hand in hers.

"Yes, it is, Lucy—if I may presume still to call you so. You find me changed. Worn and aged."

"It is true. You look altogether different; and yet it is not three years since we parted. Mrs. Blake has told me you were ill and had to lie down a great deal."

"I lie here always, Lucy. Getting off only at night to go to my bed in the next room. Now and then, if I am particularly well, they draw me across the garden to church in a hand-chair, but that is very seldom. Sit down—here, close to me."

"And what is the matter with you?"

"It has to do with the spine, my dear. A bright young girl like you need not be troubled with the complication of particulars. The worst of it is, Lucy, that I shall be as I am now for life."

"Oh, Margaret!"

Miss Sumnor raised her work again and set a few stitches, as if determined not to give way to any kind of emotion. Lady Wynne's face wore quite a frightened look.

"Surely not for always, Margaret?"

"I believe so. The doctors say so. Papa went to the expense of having a very clever man down from London, but he only confirmed what Mr. Moore had feared."

"Then, Margaret, I think it was a cruel thing to let you know it. Hope and good spirits go so far to help recovery, no matter what the illness may be. Did the doctor tell you?"

"They told my father, not me. I learnt it through—through a sort of accident, Lucy," added Miss Sumnor, who would not explain that it was through the carelessness—to call it by a light name—of her stepmother. "After all, it is best that I should know it. I see it is now, if I did not at the time."

"How it must have tried you?"

"Oh, it did—it did. What I felt for months, Lucy, I cannot describe. I had grown to be so useful to my dear father—he had begun to want me so very much—to depend upon me for so many things—and to find that I was suddenly cut off from being of any help to him, to be instead only a burden, even now I cannot bear to recall it. It was that that changed me, Lucy; in a short while I had gone in looks from a young woman into an aged one."

"No, no; not that. And you have to bear it always!"

"The bearing is light now," said Miss Sumnor, looking up with a happy smile. "One day, Lucy, when I was in a sad mood of distress and inward pining, papa came in. He saw a little of what I felt—he saw my tears, for he had come upon me quickly. Down he sat in that very chair that you are sitting in now. 'Margaret, are you realizing that this calamity has come upon you from God—that it is His will?' he asked; and he talked to me as he had never talked before. That night, as I lay awake thinking, the new light seemed to dawn upon me. 'It is! it is God's will,' I said, 'why should I repine in misery?' Bit by bit, Lucy, after that the light grew greater. I gained, oh, such comfort!—in a few weeks more I seemed to lie right under God's protection, to be, as it were, always in His sheltering arms, and my life is happier now than I can tell you of, in spite of very many and constant trials."

"And you manage to amuse yourself, I see," resumed Lucy, breaking the pause that ensued.

"Amuse myself! I can assure you my days are quite busy and useful ones. I sew, as you perceive, resting my elbows on the board. See! this is a pillow case that I am darning. I read, and can even write a note; I manage the housekeeping; and I have my class of poor children here and teach them as before. They are now ten times more obedient and considerate, seeing me as I am, than when I was in health."

Lucy could readily believe it.

"And now tell me, Margaret, what brought this illness on?"

"Nothing in particular. It must have been coming on for years, only we did not suspect it. Do you remember at the rectory I never used to run or walk much, but always wanted to sit still, and dear Mrs. Blake would call me idle? It was coming on then. But now, Lucy, let me hear about yourself. I need not ask if you are happy?"

Lucy blushed rosy red. She was only too happy, and gave an account of her marriage and sojourn abroad, promising to bring her husband some day to see Miss Sumnor. Next they spoke of the new place, St. Jerome's, and the invalid's brow wore a look of pain.

"It has so grieved papa, Lucy. Indeed, there's no want of another church in the place, even if it were a proper church, there's no one to attend it. our own is too large for the population. Papa is grieved at the movement, and at the way it is being done; it is anything but orthodox. And to think that it should be Theresa Blake who has put it forward!"

"The excuse she makes to us is that she wanted a daily service."

"A year ago papa took to hold daily service, and he had to discontinue it, for no one attended. Very often there would be only himself and the clerk."

"I do not suppose this affair of Theresa's will last," said Lucy, kindly; and she took her leave.

They met at dinner—Sir Karl, Lucy and Miss Blake. Lucy told them of her visit to Margaret Sumnor, and asked her husband to go there with her on his return from London, whither he was proceeding on the morrow. Miss Blake had not heard of the intention before, and inquired of Sir Karl whether he was going for long.

"For a couple of days, perhaps three," he answered. "I have several matters of business to attend to."

"I think I might as well have gone with you, Karl," said his wife.

"Not this time, Lucy. You have only just come home from traveling, you know, and need repose."

Miss Blake, having previously taken her determination to do it, mentioned, in a casual, airy kind of way, her adventure of the morning, not, however, giving to the intrusion quite its true aspect, and not saying that she had seen the young lady. She had "strolled accidentally" into the place called the Maze, she said, seeing the gate open, and lost herself. A woman servant came to her assistance and let her out again, but not before she had caught a glimpse of the interior, the pretty house and lawn and flowers, and the infirm old gardener.

To Miss Blake's surprise—or, rather, perhaps not to her surprise—Sir Karl's pale face turned to a burning red. He made her no answer, but whisked his head round to the butler, who stood behind him.

"Hewitt," he cried, sharply, "this is not the same book that we had yesterday."

"Yes, Sir Karl, it is. At least I—I believe it is."

Hewitt took up the bottle on the sideboard and examined it. Miss Blake thought he looked as confused as his master.

"He plays tricks with the wine," was the mental conclusion she drew.

Hewitt came round, grave as ever, and filled up the glasses again. Karl began talking to him about the wine in the cellar; but Miss Blake was not going to let her subject drop.

"Do you know this place that they call the Maze, Sir Karl?"

"Scarcely."

"Or its mistress, Mrs. Grey?"

"I have seen her," shortly replied Karl.

"Oh, have you! When?"

"She wrote me a note relative to some repairs, and I went over."

"Since you were back this time, do you mean?"

"Oh, no. It was just after my mother's death."

"Don't you think it very singular that so young a woman should be living there alone?"

"I suppose she likes it. The husband is said to be abroad."

"You have no acquaintance with the people?" persisted Miss Blake.

"Oh, dear, no."

"And going in with a key from his own pocket," thought Miss Blake, as she drew in her lips.

"Foxwood and its inhabitants, as I told Lucy, are tolerably strange to me," added Sir Karl. "Lucy, you were talking of Margaret Sumnor—what age is she?"

He was resolute in turning the conversation from the Maze, as Miss Blake saw. What was his motive? All kinds of comical ideas were in her mind, not all of them good ones.

"I'll watch," she mentally said. "In the interests of religion, to say nothing of respectability, I'll watch!"

CHAPTER XIV.

MISS BLAKE ON THE WATCH.

Miss Blake had some letters to write, and got to them after dinner; she had been too much engaged with other things during the day. Tea was taken in early to the drawing-room, and afterwards she went back to her own room to finish her writing by what little light remained. She saw Sir Karl and Lucy in the garden arm-in-arm, conversing together in low confidential tones. Evidently they were all sufficient for each other and did not miss her.

Say what we will, it could but seem to Miss Blake a neglect and something worse, looking upon past matters in her own light; and it told upon her cruelly.

The evening dusk drew on. She heard Lucy at the piano in the drawing-room, seemingly alone, trying a bit of one song and a bit of another. There was no doubt that she thought Theresa was still busy and would not interrupt her. Miss Blake put up her desk and sat at the open window. By and by, when it was nearly dark, she threw a shawl on her shoulders, stepped out, crossed the lawn, and lost herself amidst the opposite trees. Miss Blake was that night in no mood for companionship; she preferred her own company to that of Lucy or her husband. As we say by the cross little children, the black dog was on her back; she did not listen even to the sweet melody of the nightingales.

"But for St. Jerome's I would not stay another day here," her thoughts ran. "I almost wish now I had not stirred in the church matter, but let the benighted place alone. As it is—and Mr. Cattacomb's come—why, I must make the best of it, and do my duty. Stay! Stay, Theresa Blake!" she broke off in self-soliloquizing sternness. "Is this fulfilling your good resolution—to give up all, and bear all? Let me put away such evil thoughts and work bravely on, and stay here cheerfully for Lucy's sake. It may be that she will want a friend, and I—Oh, there he is!"

The last sentence related to Sir Karl. She had gradually got round the house to the other side, which brought her in face of Sir Karl's room. The doors of the window stood wide open; a lamp was on the table, by whose light he seemed to be reading a note and talking to Hewitt, who stood near. Crossing over on the soft grass she drew within ear-shot, not really with any intention of listening, but in her mind's abstraction—what was there likely to pass between Sir Karl and his servant that concerned her to hear? With the bright lamp inside and the darkness out, they could not see her.

"You must be very cautious, Hewitt," Sir Karl was saying. "Implicitly silent."

"I have been, sir, and shall be," was the answer. "There's no fear of me. I have not had the interests of the family at heart all these years, Sir Karl, to compromise them now."

"I know, I know, Hewitt. Well, that's all, I think, for to-night."

Miss Blake passed back again out of hearing, very slowly and thoughtfully. She had heard the words, and was dissecting them; it almost sounded as though Sir Karl and his man had some secret together. Stepping on to the terrace, she was about to go in, when she heard Sir Karl enter the drawing-room and speak to his wife.

"I think I shall take a bit of a stroll, Lucy."

"To smoke your cigar? Do so, Karl."

"I—wonder—whether it is an excuse to go where he went the other night?" thought Miss Blake, the idea striking her like a flash of lightning. "I'll watch him. I will. I said I would, and I will. His family may have interests of their own, but Lucy and her family have theirs, and for her sake I'll watch."

Drawing the shawl over her head, she passed out at one of the small gates, crossed the road, and glided along under cover of the opposite hedge as far as the Maze. There she stood back, amidst the trees, and sheltered from observation. The dress she wore happened to be black, the shawl was black, and she could not be seen in the shade.

It was a still night. The dew was rising, and there seemed to be some damp exhaled from the trees. The time passed, ever so many minutes, and she began to think she had come on a fruitless errand. Or was it that Sir Karl was only lingering with his wife?

"Good gracious! What was that?"

A shrill shriek right over Miss Blake's head had caused the words and the start. It must have been only a night-bird; but her nerves—what few she had—were on the tension, and she began to tremble slightly. It was not a pleasant position, and she wished herself away.

"I'll go," she mentally cried. "I wish I had not come. I—hope—Mr. Smith's—not looking out, or he will see me!" she added, slowly and dubiously.

The doubt caused her to stay where she was and strain her eyes at the opposite cottage. Was it fancy? One of the windows stood open, and she thought she saw a head and eyes peeping from it. Peeping, not openly looking.

"He must have seen me come!" decided Miss Blake. "But surely he'd not know me, wrapped up like this! Eark!"

A very slight sound had dawned upon her ear. Was it Sir Karl advancing? Surely the sound was that of footsteps! At the same moment, there arose another and separate sound; and that was close to her, inside the gates by which she stood.

"Some one must be coming out!" breathed Miss Blake. "It's getting complicated. I wish I was safe away. Two pairs of eyes may see what one would not."

Sir Karl Wynne—for the footsteps were his—advanced. Very quietly and cautiously. Miss Blake could see that he had changed his dinner coat for another, which he had got buttoned closely round him, though the night was close. Halting at the gate he drew the key from his pocket as before, unlocked it, and passed in. Some one met him.

"Karl! I am so glad you have come! I thought you would! I knew you had returned!"

It was a soft, sweet voice; the same voice, Miss Blake could have laid a wager on it, that had sung "When lovely woman stoops to folly." Their hands met: she was sure of that. Perhaps their lips also: but she could not see.

"Why, how did you know I was back?" he asked.

"Oh, Ann came to the gate to answer a ring, and saw you pass from the station."

"Why are you out here?" he resumed. "Is it prudent?"

"I was restless, expecting you. I have so much to say; and, do you know, Karl——"

The voice sank into too low a tone to be audible to the thirsty ears outside. Both had spoken but in whispers. Miss Blake cautiously stretched forth her head, so as to get a glimpse through the closely-barred gate. Yes; it was the lovely girl she had seen during that stealthy visit of hers; and she had taken

Sir Karl's arm while she talked to him. Another minute, and they both disappeared within the trees of the Maze.

Whether Miss Blake was glued to the trunk of the tree she stood at, or whether it was glued to her, remains a problem to be solved. It was one of the two. There she stood; and, leave it she could not. That the flood-gates of a full tide of iniquity had suddenly been opened upon her was as clear to her mind as the light of day. Much that had been incomprehensible in the Maze and its inmates admitted of no doubt now. An instinct of this had been playing in her fancy previously: but she had driven it away as fancy, and would not allow herself to dwell on it. And now—it seemed as though she stood at the edge of a yawning precipice looking down on a gulf of almost unnatural evil, from the midst of which Sir Karl Wynne shone prominently out, the incarnation of all that was wicked and false and treacherous. But for the necessity of stillness and silence, Miss Blake could have groaned aloud.

A few minutes, and she stole away. There was nothing to wait or watch for: she knew all. Forgetting about Clematis Cottage and the eyes that might be peeping from it, she got back into the grounds of Foxwood and sat down on the bare terrace in the night, to commune with herself. What should her course be? Surely she ought to impart the secret to that poor girl, Lucy, whom the man had dared to make his wife.

Let us render justice to Miss Blake. Hard though she was by nature, she strove to do her duty in all conscientiousness at all times and in all places. Sin she detested, no matter of what nature; detested it both as sin and for its offence against God. That Sir Karl Wynne was living in secret, if not open sin, and was cruelly deceiving his innocent and unsuspicious wife, was clearly indisputable. It must not be allowed to go on—at least so far as Lucy was concerned. To allow her to remain the loving and unsuspicious partner of this man would be almost like making her a third in the wickedness, was what Miss Blake thought in her anger. And she decided on her course.

"And I—if I did not enlighten her, knowing what I know—should be countenancing and administering to the sin," she said aloud. "Good heavens! what a pit seems to be around us! May I be helped to do right!"

Rising and shaking the night-dew from her hair, she passed upstairs to her own chamber. Lady Wynne was moving about her dressing-room. Impulse induced Miss Blake to knock at the door.

"Are you undressing, Lucy?" she asked, an unconscious pity in her voice for the poor young wife.

"Not yet, Theresa. Aglae's coming up, though, I think. It was dull down stairs by myself, and I thought I might as well come on. I could not find you anywhere."

"I was out of doors."

"Were you! I called to you outside on the terrace, but no one answered."

"Sir Karl is out, then?"

"He is strolling about somewhere," replied Lucy. "He does not sleep well, and likes to take half an hour's stroll the last thing. It strikes me sometimes that Karl's not strong, Theresa; but I try to throw the fear off."

Miss Blake drew in her lips, biting them to an enforced silence. She was burning to say what she could say, but knew it would be premature.

"I will wish you good-night, Lucy, my dear. I am tired, and—and out of sorts."

"Good-night, Theresa; *dormes bien*," was the gay answer.

"To waste her love and solicitude upon him!" thought Miss Blake, as she stepped along the corridor with erect head and haughty brow. "I told Colonel Cleeve before the marriage that he was wild—little Dennet had said so—but I was put down. No wonder Sir Karl cannot spend his income on his home! he has other ways and means for it. Oh, how true are the words of Holy Writ! 'The heart of man is deceitful above all things and desperately wicked.'"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A LONG SPEECH.

The longest speech on record is believed to have been that made by Mr. De Cosmos, in the Legislature of British Columbia, when a measure was pending whose passage would take from a great many settlers their lands. De Cosmos was in a hopeless minority. The job had been held back 'till the eve of the close of the session; unless legislation was taken before noon of a given day the act of confiscation would fail. The day before the expiration of the limitation De Cosmos got the floor about ten A. M., and began a speech against the bill.

Its friends cared little, for they supposed that by one or two o'clock he would be through, and the bill could be put on its passage. One o'clock came and De Cosmos was speaking still—had not more than entered upon his subject. Two o'clock—he was saying "in the second place." Three o'clock—he produced a fearful bundle of evidence, and insisted on reading it.

The majority began to have a suspicion of the truth—he was going to speak till next noon and kill the bill. For a while they made merry over it; but, as it came on to dusk, they began to get alarmed. They tried interruptions, but soon abandoned them because each one afforded him a chance to digress and gain time.

They tried to shout him down, but that gave him a breathing space, and finally they settled down to watch the combat between strength of will and weakness of body. They gave him no mercy. No adjournment for dinner; no chance to do more than wet his lips with water; no wandering from his subject; no sitting down. Twilight darkened; the gas was lit; members slipped out to dinner in relays, and returned to sleep in squads, but De Cosmos went on. The Speaker, to whom he was addressing himself, was alternately dozing, snoring, and trying to look wide-a-wake. Day dawned, and the majority slipped out in squads to wash and breakfast, and the speaker still held on. It can't be said it was a very logical, eloquent, or sustained speech. There were digressions in it, repetitions also. But still the speaker kept on; at last, noon came to a baffled majority, livid with rage and impotence, and a single man, who was triumphant, though his voice had sunk to a husky whisper, his eyes were almost shut, and were bleared and bloodshot, his legs tottered under him, and baked lips were cracked and smeared with blood. De Cosmos had spoken twenty-six hours, and saved the settlers their lands!

THE FIRST AND LAST VISIT.

BY DEWY RIBBLE.

He came to Blacksburg about the middle of last June. He was not an insurance agent, a lightning-rod man, a peddler of thermometers, a distributer of religious tracts, nor the proprietor of a lung-tester, but it was easy to see that he meant business, by the way he rushed up to the first citizen he saw, who happened to be old Col. Fowler, a gentleman who could hear thunder very well eight or ten years ago.

"Good-morning. My name is George Washington Moses. I reside in Philadelphia, and have come to Virginia for the benefit of my health. During my sojourn in your village I hope to make expenses by giving lessons in the useful and interesting art of stenography, and would be grateful for any assistance in procuring a class."

"Thank you, I've just had a glass, but I wouldn't object to a cigar."

George Washington surrendered his last cheroot, and then, in a higher key, announced himself a teacher of stenography wishing a school.

"Ah!" exclaimed the colonel—"a philosopher visiting the schools! Well, you will find the public schools here in a very flourishing condition, and the Agricultural and Mechanical College recently started at this place is an ornament to our State, sir."

Then Mr. Moses gave it up, and marched across the street to where a tall man sat sunning himself on a door-step. It was William Snoogers, the sulkiest man in town.

"Good-morning. I'm a professor of stenography, unquestionably—"

"I don't keer of you air a perfesser," interrupted Mr. Snoogers, savagely, "an I don't want tu hear none o' yer geography questions."

"Geography questions be hanged! I didn't say anything about geography questions. I said that stenography unquestionably was—"

"Stranger!" yelled Snoogers, springing to his feet and elevating a fist which looked like the hammer to a dynamite machine, "maybe you think I'm a deef man, or a idiot, and can't understand English, an' stranger, the less a man obstrudes upon the privacy uv Bill Snoogers, a cussin' an' a insultin uv him, the less danger he's uv bein' spit on an' rubbed out, by Gunger!"

As Mr. Moses did not relish the idea of being obliterated from the list of the living by such an indelicate process, he effected "a change of base" with the rapidity of a Keely motor express under full pressure.

A little way down the street he plunged into the face of a corpulent physician just stepping out of his office for a morning's promenade. Finding then for the first time that he was not pursued, he tried to apologize, but the unusual rate of locomotion had rendered him so breathless that he could only gasp out:

"Pardon!"

"You're excused, friend," said the medical man; "but what in the thunderation's the matter?"

"I—I—I'll tell you di-rect-ly," said the poor fellow, clutching his breast with both hands to keep his heart from jumping out at his mouth.

"Oh!" exclaimed the doctor, jerking him into the office, and snatching up a stethoscope; "angina pectoris, or enlargement of the heart?"

Mr. Moses shook his head negatively, and indistinctly articulated something about having been assaulted on the street by a ruffian.

"Assaulted!" cried the officious disciple of Galen, forcing the exhausted stenographer into a chair and expeditiously opening a case of surgical instruments. "Dear me! Where were you stabbed?"

"Not stabbed," quoth George Washington, faintly.

"Oh, you were shot, were you?" and with that he flourished an electrical probe, and jerked four buttons off of George Washington's vest in his humane efforts to get at the wound.

"Let me up, and out," gasped his victim. "I'm going mad, and it's enough to craze Daniel Webster."

"Oh, it's insanity, is it? Poor fellow! Imagines he's Daniel Webster. By Jupiter, I might have seen at first that the fellow was daft! Well, for cerebral disorders simple *aqua pura* is the best of remedies," and with that he emptied a basin of cold water upon the head of Mr. George Washington Moses, which gentleman was a block away in seven seconds thereafter.

That medical man is gasing again about the efficacy of the shower bath in allaying mental excitement, but that June morning he told a different tale to the fellow that found him sprawled out by a broken chair, trying to swallow six teeth at once.

Mr. Moses' next mention of stenography was to an obese German, who he found under an awning, on a goods-box, smoking a pipe as big as a pumpkin.

"Stunhogerby! vat ish dose?"

"It is an art," explained Mr. Moses, "in which certain other symbols are substituted for the alphabetical characters, and by which we are enabled to indite matter with more rapidity, and within a smaller compass, than by any other mode of writing."

"Oh, yaw! A ver fine, new, vay du write Engleese. Das recht?"

"Exactly," replied Mr. Moses, delighted at the interest manifested.

"Vell, I pleef I'll learn de old vay pefore I dries tis new one."

And then the old cuss closed his eyes and let on like he was asleep.

For spite, Mr. Moses then tried to pick the Dutchman's pockets, but finding nothing upon his person but smoking tobacco and a dirty copy of the *Westliche Post*, he sighed and crossed over to Peteinx's candy shop, where he announced his name and business.

"Haf I ze honaire to greet a descendant of ze illustrious Monsieur Moses vat write ze Bible?" enquired the Frenchman, with a courtly salutation.

Mr. Moses declined the honor conferred upon him, but wished that he had the meekness of the ancient Israelite.

Mr. Peteinx had been turning that word stenography over in his mind, and having come to the conclusion that Mr. Moses was an itinerant stencil maker, he expressed his regret that he had previously purchased one of the useful little instruments and hence could not patronize Monsieur.

Then Mr. Moses explained and illustrated, and said and did the same thing over and over again, until the Frenchman cried:

"Forbear! ze lucid demonstrations of Monsieur already prevail—ze conception vat I now enjoy of stenography is wizout a parallel."

"Think you know what it means now, do you?"

"Oui, Monsieur."

"Well, I want to teach it in Blacksburg."

"Oh, zat is vat Monsieur desire."

"Yes, it is."

"Vell, sen, Monsieur may proceed to do so wizout ze slightest apprehension zat Louis Peteinx vill molest him in ze pursuit of so harmless an avocation."

Then Mr. Moses retired, hating the whole French nation like an Englishman.

Parson Obediah Brupacker, of the Tunker "persuasion," had an appointment that morning to "hold forth" in "Mooskauver's Meetin' House," about a mile out of town, and was just mounting his nag to start when Mr. Moses came along. Age had so stiffened the reverend's ligaments that it was with difficulty that he made the ascent, but once up he reared back like a Georgia major on muster day.

The queerly-cut blue homespun habiliments, the long silvery hair, and the grave expression of the parson's face, attracted the attention of our pedestrian, who immediately hailed him, thinking the old man might have some grandchildren that would like to avail themselves of an opportunity to learn short hand.

"Good-morning. I'm a stenographer wishing to——"

"Friend, it are agin my perfessions, an' contrary-wise to Scriptur' to have picture took," said Parson Brupacker, as he kicked his horse and ambled away.

"Any man," soliloquised Mr. Moses, frowning hideously at the departing parson, "that's as old as Methuselah, and don't know the difference between stenography and photography, ought to be hung."

Further on he entered a store, and approaching the proprietor, a lean, sallow-faced individual, who, with spectacles upon nose, was gazing admiringly at the pages of a well-kept ledger, he introduced himself, stated his business, and exhibited The Lord's Prayer in stenographic characters as a specimen of his skill.

"I'd like to learn that," said a younger sallow-face, standing by with a pen behind his ear.

"I'd like you to learn to hold your tongue, and attend to your business, sir," quoth old sallow-face. "Stranger, did you say that your name was Moses?"

"I did, sir."

"Well, Mr. Moses, do you see that," pointing to a finely executed pen-drawing of St. Michael and the Dragon.

"I do."

"Well, sir, I paid the scribe that did that one hundred dollars to teach John how to write the beautiful and legible Spencerian, and now do you suppose that I can be cajoled into hiring a Yankee to show him how to make such pothooks as those?"

Mr. Moses, on leaving the store, bethought himself what next to do. The males of the place seemed so unappreciative and uncivil (not to mention their ignorance), that he wondered if it would not do better to try the females.

"Stenography," mused our hero, "is a study which should be favorably received by the ladies. As an interesting pastime, it is unexcelled; as an acquirement, useful; and as an employment, being light, pleasant, and profitable, it is peculiarly suitable for those of the fairer sex. I know several female stenographers in the cities who are succeeding well. I will try the women."

"Bub!" he called to a small boy, with his head bound up in an old shirt sleeve, "can you point me to a house where there are some young ladies?"

The boy winked, rubbed his nose with his forefinger, and said:

"Huntin' a wife?"

It was not the most satisfactory of replies, but it was a deuced sight politer than what he thought. He thought:

"You're the same ugly old chap wot hit me with a rock a while ago."

After this short colloquy Mr. Moses was about to depart, when Young America said:

"Guv me a five-center an' I'll do it, shore's a gun."

Compliance with this demand elicited very desirable information, but it didn't come all at once.

"See 'at house yander?" pointing to an ancient, two-story frame dwelling near by.

"Yes."

"Well, that's the Widow Gimlett's."

"Ah! how many daughters has Mrs. Gimlett?"

"None, 'ceptin' I'm one, an' I haint—leastways, Jack don't sound like a gal's name, an' it's mine."

"I am confident that you are a boy, and one that has gone to the bad," observed his listener; "but I enquired if you cou'd show me a house where there were some young ladies."

"Ef," said Master Gimlett, with an air of offended dignity, "you thinks you knows more about that house than yer betters, you kin jist take yer foot in yer hand and put."

"By no means," said Mr. Moses; "please go on."

"See them steps a runnin' up outside to a door?"

"Certainly," said Mr. Moses.

"Well, inside's whar the Dawkus Society meets twice a week, an' mighty nigh all the gals in town's up thar now a sewin' away like blazes."

"Indeed," said the delighted stenographer. "Do the ladies ever permit gentlemen to visit the sewing-room?"

"Why, sartin," said Jack; "an' ef you sez so, I'll jist step up an' ax 'em ef a nice young man kin come in wot's got somethin' pleasant to say to 'em."

"Pray do," said Mr. Moses, "and I'll give you another nickel when you return."

"Good as wheat," quoth Jack, and off he started, but so deliberately that Mr. Moses could not resist requesting him to show a little more alacrity.

"Would you be pleased to hear wot they sez *now*, or would yer perfer waitin' till I'm back?" said the boy, stopping stock still and thrusting his hands deep down into his breeches pockets.

"Oh, waiting, of course," said Mr. Moses, prompted by motives of self-interest. "Pray take your time, my boy."

"I'll try an' not, an' not run my legs off," said Jake, moving on considerably slower than before.

Ordinarily he was swift enough, but he had two motives for not hurrying upon this occasion. In the first place he wanted to torment Mr. Moses, and in the second he wanted time to study up some way to square off with that person for hurting his head.

Jack had a plan concocted by the time he reached his destination, and acted accordingly. Entering the room he pulled the rag from his head, disclosing an ugly cut over his left temple.

"Oh, Jack!" the ladies cried, just as he had anticipated, "what is the matter?"

"Strange man tried to kill me," said Jack.

"What for?" asked everybody.

"'Caze I wouldn't show him where all you women folks wuz, which I would not, fur I knowed he was a lunatiker from wot he said."

"There was a raving maniac rushed into Dr. Bigbelly's office this morning," said Miss Smith, "and nearly murdered the doctor with a chair."

"Lucky he nuver thunk o' makin' him swaller some uv his own pills," said Jack to himself, "er we'd a had a funeral, shore 'nuf."

"That reminds me," said Miss Snooger, "that a stranger came to our door this morning, and, after saying something about geography, ran off like a crazy person."

"It must have been the man father saw," said Miss Fowler. "He told me of meeting a man claiming to be a philosopher, that seemed more like a madman."

"Jimmy Link, that stays in Petrea's drug store," said Miss Jones, "heard a man in a blue coat threaten to kill good old uncle Obediah Brupacker this morning."

"Same feller wot hit me," said Jack. "He wars a blue coat, an' a plug hat, an' totes a rattan, an' squints, an' talks like he had a bad cold."

"Oh, how scared I am!" said a young lady of a very nervous temperament. "Jacky, why did he wish to know of you where we rere?"

"Guess he were hungry," replied Jack, solemnly. "He sed he wuz a goin' to eat a gal or two before leavin', or split hizself a tryin'."

"Mercy!" "La me!" "Do ever!" "My gracious!" and various other exclamations followed from the excited auditors, and then Jack tied up his head again, stated that he must chop some wood for his mother, and departed.

"With a smile that was childlike and bland," Master Gimlett returned to Mr. Moses with the information that the ladies would be pleased to see him, whereupon the additional nickel was demanded and received. Jack waited till he saw his man start up the steps, and then darted down a back alley, saying:

"You haint amusin' yerself now a flingin' stones, ole feller."

All the ladies were talking at once. Some of them held that the subject of conversation must have escaped from the Western Lunatic Asylum at Staunton, others thought him a runaway from the Eastern Asylum at Williamsburg, while a third party stoutly contended that he was only an unfortunate gentleman suffering temporary abberation of mind, caused by financial disasters or unrequited love.

In such a hubbub is it strange that no one heard footsteps, or rapping at the door? A moment more and the identical and unmistakable proprietor of the blue coat and plug hat stood in their midst.

All screamed. Three or four fainted. Five or six fell into fits. Ten or twelve raised the windows and shrieked "Murder!" and one, with a heroism and presence of mind that did honor to her sex, ran up and stabbed the intruder in the leg with a darning needle.

An hour afterwards a blue-coated stranger was dragged before a magistrate, charged with insulting ladies, menacing a minister, mistreating a child, maiming a doctor, and violating the peace generally. As there was a strong suspicion of insanity, his honor only fined the offender fifty dollars and costs. After court adjourned, somebody was treated to a free ride on a rail.

An hour later I saw Mr. G. W. Moses at the depot, and heard him ask when the lightning express would start for the Quaker City. Believing him to be a man "More sinned against than sinning," I spoke to him kindly, and enquired when we would have the favor of another visit from him.

He took me aside and confessed to me, confidentially, that he had a demented brother named Ezekial, and, said he:

"If Zeke don't take a notion to visit Blacksburg sometime you'll *never* see any of our family there again."

THE COLOSSEUM.

Announcements have been made of the proposed establishment in Philadelphia of the mammoth Colosseum, with the great cyclorama of "Paris by Night," but there are so few persons that know anything about the enterprise, and the facts relating to it are of so novel a character that we think a brief account will not fail to be interesting to our readers.

The forerunner in this novel field was the Royal Colosseum of London. The Royal Colosseum was designed to accommodate a huge painting of the city of London, executed by Mr. R. T. Parris, from drawings taken by Mr. R. Horner, a surveyor and draughtsman of York, England. Mr. Horner made this idea of executing a pictorial London the object of his life. It was his enthusiasm, his hobby, and few men have succeeded so well in their hobbies; for his idea, elaborated by competent artists, became one of the veritable wonders of the world. The sketches for the first picture of London were taken by Mr. Horner from the top of St. Paul's Cathedral, and the draughtsman, not being satisfied with the height at the ball on the dome, had a platform built, by permission of the authorities, at a still higher elevation. Hundreds of drawings were made, aided by the camera lucida, on this lofty pinnacle, the work occupying more than a year. The drawings finished, they were placed in the hands of the artist mentioned, Mr. R. T. Parris, who, with the co-operation of numerous other skillful painters, put the work upon canvas. Thus was created the famous "London by Day," which, for a period of over forty years, was one of the standard attractions of the metropolis.

No traveller thought of visiting London without going to the Colosseum—it was as true a point of interest as the Tower of London or Westminster Abbey.

The success of the "Old London," as the first painting grew gradually to be called, was so great, that after a number of years a companion picture was shown at the Royal Colosseum, entitled "London by Night," painted by Messrs. Danson & Sons, of Paris, and showing the English metropolis in an opposite aspect from that seen in "Old London." This again was so successful that "Paris by Night," also by Messrs. Danson & Sons, was produced, and the furore over the last work has possibly surpassed that excited by either of its predecessors.

Finally, these famous pictures were all purchased by a company of American gentlemen, and despite the concern expressed by the press and people of London, they were shipped to New York. The original Colosseum could not, of course, be carried, nor was it desired to copy it exactly, the American owners having more ambitious ideas relative to the housing of their art treasures. A new Colosseum was built at the corner of Thirty-fifth street and Broadway—one of the most strikingly novel structures in America, and which excited endless comment during the past two years. The last move in this matter is the one in which Philadelphians are now especially concerned. The whole establishment—building, paintings, and manifold apparatus—is in process of removal to this city, in obedience to the resistless tide which centres everything of general interest here during the Centennial season.

The building which is being erected for the accommodation of these paintings may fairly be termed an architectural wonder, both from its beauty, and from its adaptability to its designed use. It is situated on the lot on the south-east corner of Broad and Locust streets, directly opposite the Academy of Music. The building is cylindrical in form, and has a diameter of 129 feet at the base, and 120 feet at the eaves.

Within the building is a promenade 94 feet in diameter and 300 feet in circumference. It is fitted with ornamental columns and pilasters, and has fifteen alcoves, containing many objects of interest and beauty. The main entrance to the building will be at the corner of Broad and Locust streets, the *facade* is 32 feet wide and 65 feet high. The whole building will be beautifully frescoed in bright colors.

A great feature of the Colosseum will be the tower. This sub-structure arises from the ground in the interior of the building, around it running the promenade already described. It is 38 feet 6 inches in diameter at the base, and is run up to a total height of 160 feet, with a diameter at the top of 20 feet.

It is expected that the tower will prove a great point of attraction to residents and visitors. There is no place in the vicinity from which so good a bird's-eye view of Philadelphia can be had, nor under such pleasant circumstances; and strangers will gain a more correct and immediate idea of the topography of Philadelphia through this medium than by any other means at hand during the Centennial season.

Of the mammoth painting, "Paris by Night," which for the present is to occupy the Colosseum, we will only say a few words.

It covers 40,000 square feet—or more than an acre—of canvas, and represents a territory of about seven square miles. Every street and every building of prominence or interest in all this wide space is depicted on the canvas with absolute correctness.

In its illusion, "Paris by Night" quite surpasses all works of this kind ever devised. It is almost impossible to escape the impression that one is indeed looking down upon an enormous living and breathing city.

To further carry out the pleasant fiction, the canvas is made to extend far up and beyond the platform, and is painted to represent the heavens. The stars shine out and the moon pours its full, soft light over the scene, harmonizing and contrasting with the myriad illuminations which make gay the Boulevards, the bridges, and the other busy centres of Parisian life. At certain times mechanical means are brought in play by which there is a perfect simulation of a storm over the city. The moon becomes obscured by clouds, and the lights of the city are blurred and extinguished by fast-driving rain. This scenic effect universally excites admiration and astonishment.

A detailed description of the matters embodied in this great work is, of course, impossible in such an article as the present. We could as readily undertake to print a guide book of the city as to do that.

There will be provided charts, upon which the leading objects will be distinctly marked, with references indicating the names of the buildings and other objects. Persons will also be regularly in attendance, whose duty it will be to specify the various localities. By these means, the visitor who has not been to Paris will be able to obtain a very excellent idea of the place where all "good Americans go when they die."

A FEW WORDS TO FEEBLE AND DELICATE WOMEN.

BY R. V. PIERCE, M. D., of the World's Dispensary, Buffalo, N. Y., author of "The People's Common Sense Medical Adviser," etc., etc.

Knowing that you are subject to a great amount of suffering, that delicacy on your part has a strong tendency to prolong it, and the longer it is neglected the more you have to endure and the more difficult of cure your case becomes, I, as a physician, who am daily consulted by scores of your sex, desire to say to you that I am constantly meeting with those who have been treated for their ailments for months without being benefited in the least, until they have become perfectly discouraged and have almost made up their mind never to take another dose of medicine or be tortured by any further treatment. They had rather die and have their sufferings ended than to live and suffer as they have. They say they are worn out by suffering, and are only made worse by treatment. Of any thing more discouraging we certainly cannot conceive, and were there no more successful mode of treating such difficulties than that, the principles of which teach the reducing and depleting of the vital forces of the system, when the indications dictate a treatment directly the reverse of the one adopted for them, their case would be deplorable indeed. But, lady sufferers there is a better and far more successful plan of treatment for you, one more in harmony with the laws and requirements of your system. A harsh, irritating, caustic treatment and strong medicines will never cure you. If you would use rational means, such as common-sense should dictate to every intelligent lady, take such medicines as embody the very best invigorating tonics and nervines, compounded with special reference to your delicate system. Such a happy combination you will find in my Favorite Prescription, which has received the highest praise from thousands of your sex. Those languid, tiresome sensations, causing you to feel scarcely able to be on your feet or ascend a flight of stairs; that continual drain that is sapping from your system all your former elasticity, and driving the blood from your cheeks; that continual strain upon your vital forces that renders you irritable and fretful—may all be overcome and subdued by a persevering use of that marvelous remedy. Irregularities and obstructions to the proper working of your system are relieved by this mild and safe means, while periodical pains, the existence of which is a sure indication of serious disease that should not be neglected, readily yield to it, and if its use be kept up for a reasonable length of time, the special cause of these pains is permanently removed. Further light on these subjects may be obtained from "The People's Common Sense Medical Adviser," in which I have devoted a large space to the consideration of all forms of diseases peculiar to your sex. This work will be sent (post-paid) to any address on receipt of $1.50. My Favorite Prescription is sold by druggists.

POSTSCRIPTS.

—England has spent $1,000,000,000 on her navy within the last eighteen years.

—When a young man cannot live on his salary, the usual way is for him to live on the salary of some one else.

—Think of over 2,000 books published on the game of chess alone! So says the latest bibliography of that subject.

—It is scientifically decided that rust causes fire. This is the reason why a silver dollar will burn a hole in your pocket.

—Philadelphia telegraphs 128 words to London and gets a reply of 108 words in 45 minutes. How did our old dads get along with stage-coaches and packet ships?

—The New York *Mail* says that two ladies of Boston have made the American flag out of rose silk. They have been three years about it, and used up $700 worth of silk, and their eyes. It will be in the Women's Pavilion at the Centennial, and any one hauling it down will be spotted on the shot with the greatest rapidity.

—Silver-plated picture frames are the latest. Milady has them in her drawing-room, and they give to the apartment an appearance sufficiently brilliant to delight her heart. Now let us have white satin door mats, blue velvet curtains, and solid gold grates and blowers. In the matter of household style there should be no limit whatever.

—At the Globe Hotel, Philadelphia, they have put up 1465 beds and put down 1100 carpets. The vastness of the building may be judged when it is considered that the main dining hall will seat 1000 people, and the adjacent halls will accommodate 500 more. The kitchen is sufficiently large to cook for 5000 people daily and the hotel can lodge 3000. The room-rack contains 36 square feet, and will hold 3500 names.

—The Governor-General of Canada gets $48 666 66 in gold a year, besides his residence and staff; the Premier receives $8,108, and the twelve other Ministers, $7,000 each; the Lieutenant Governors of Ontario, Manitoba and Quebec and the Northwestern territories, $10 000 each; those of Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, and British Columbia, $9 000 each, and the Lieutenant-Governor of Prince Edward's Island, $7,000; the Chief Justice of the Supreme Court has $8,000, and the five Justices $7 000 each.

—The Austrian Minister of Commerce has presented to the Imperial Ministry the accounts of the Vienna International Exhibition. The result is much more favorable than was expected. It appears that the State will have to pay 14 565 921 florins towards the expenses of the Exhibition, or 633 079 florins less than the amount appropriated for that purpose. The total expenditure amounted to 78 123 170 florins, and the receipts to 4 256 349 florins. The entire loss on the Exhibition would, therefore, in round numbers, amount to $7,500 000.

—The following from the San Francisco *Figaro* is an excellent burlesque on the paragraphs that occasionally appear concerning the "diamonds and fine clothes" of coming stars: "Important personal intelligence: Mlle. Clarisse Gallinipper, the young and rising Italian songbird, blows her exquisitely chiselled nose up in a silk handkerchief, purchased at an enormous expense of M. Worth, of Paris, and adorned with diamonds of untold value. As Mlle. Gallinipper will shortly visit this country, in a professional capacity, papers out of town will do well to reproduce this item, and inform their readers of the sensation in store for them."

—The *Home Journal* notifies summer hotel-keepers thus early that people expect lower prices this season than those which have ruled during the past few years. Labor is cheaper, real estate has had a tumble, rents are low, clothing and dry goods are "down"—almost everything we wear and use costs less now than it did three or four years since, and it is expected that hotel rates will not be an exception. Better get low terms and a house full than ask exorbitant charges and have empty rooms. The cost of "running" a first-class hotel is large, as we know; but it is so partly because hotels are kept in excessively extravagant style. People this year will be satisfied with less elaboration and extravagance, if they get cleanliness, comfort and low charges. The days of "aboddy" and "war times" are over; let hotel-keepers take due notice and govern themselves accordingly.

AT our request, Cragin & Co., Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, have promised to send any of our readers, gratis (on receipt of fifteen cents to pay postage), a sample of Dobbins' Electric soap to try. Send at once.

RECEIPTS.

TO CLEAR OUT RED ANTS.—Wash your shelves down clean, and while damp rub fine salt on them quite thick, and let it remain on for a time and they will disappear.

EGG spoons get tarnished by the sulphur in the egg uniting with the silver. This tarnish is a sulphuret of silver, and may be removed by rubbing with wet salt or ammonia.

CAMPHORATED oil is highly recommended as a furniture polish. This is simply sweet oil in which gum camphor is dissolved. The camphor serves the additional purpose of driving away moths.

TO prevent the skin discoloring after a bruise, take a little dry starch or arrowroot, merely moisten it with cold water, and place it on the injured part. This is best done immediately, so as to prevent the action of the air upon the skin. Invaluable for black eyes.

A CLEAN tooth does not decay. Acids, sour fruit, always injure the teeth instantly; sweets never do: without them children would die, hence their insatiable instincts for sugar. If a tooth powder was never used the teeth would not be so white; but, kept perfectly clean, would last for life.

TO remove freshly-spilt ink from carpets, first take up as much as possible of the ink with a teaspoon, then pour cold sweet milk upon the spot and take up as before, pouring on milk until at last it becomes only slightly tinged with black; then wash with cold water and absorb with a cloth without too much rubbing.

A GOOD dentifrice, largely sold, is made of half a drachm of white Castile soap, dissolved in one ounce of alcohol, three-quarters of an ounce of water, and a quarter of an ounce of glycerine. This is colored with cochineal and flavored with peppermint, wintergreen, and clove oils. The powder which accompanies each bottle is a mixture of precipitated chalk, powdered orris-root, and carbonate of magnesia.

A HINT TO MOTHERS.—It is a great mistake to plait the hair of children under eleven or twelve years of age. The process of plaiting more or less strains the hairs in their roots by pulling them tight; tends to deprive them of their requisite supply of nutriment, and checks their growth. The hair of girls should be cut rather short, and allowed to curl freely. When they are about eleven or twelve the hair should be twisted into a coil, not too tight, nor tied at the end with thin thread, but with a piece of ribbon.

TO KILL ROACHES.—Pour hot water on them. To keep them out of closets sprinkle powdered borax on the shelves and this will drive them away. Where water-pipes are brought into a house roaches inevitably follow, and "eternal vigilance" and plenty of powdered borax is the only safeguard against them. Every time the paper on the pantry and closet shelves is changed fresh supplies of borax should be sprinkled on them, and the same powder should be put in drawers infested with them. This will drive them at last to seek refuge in cracks and corners where the hot-water cure may be effectually tried.

A Lady

Returning to her home in the country after a sojourn of a few weeks in the city, was hardly recognized by her friends; in place of a coarse, rustic, flushed face, she had a soft, clear, smooth and beautiful skin, and instead of thirty, which she was, she really appeared but eighteen. Upon inquiry as to the cause of so great a change, she frankly told them that she had been using Geo. W. Laird's "Bloom of Youth," and it was this invaluable acquisition to the toilet that made the wonderful change. Sold at all druggists.

Depot, 5 Gold Street, New York. Price 75 cents.

Ten Cents.—For ten cents we will send a beautiful book of one hundred and sixty choice selections from the poetical works of Byron, Moore and Burns; also fifty selected popular songs and other writings. DESMOND & CO., 916 Race Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

The Saturday Evening Post
PHILADELPHIA
1821 FOUNDED AUG 4TH A.D. 1821

Saturday Evening, April 29, 1876.

NOTICE.

For the convenience of agents, advertisers, and others having business with this paper, and to enable us to fill all orders promptly, we have established agencies in the following cities:

Chicago—132 *Clark St.*,
The Subscription News Co.
Pittsburgh—198 *Penn Ave.*,
O. C. Dunnells, Manager.
Boston—45 *Franklin St.*,
Geo. A. Fozeroft, Jr., Manager.
New York—20 *N. William St.*
Root & Tinker, Manager.
St. Louis—619 *North Fifth St.*,
J. W. Marsh, Manager.
London, Ont.—523 *Richmond St.*,
J. M. Chute & Co., Gen. Agents.

THE DISCIPLINE OF EXPERIENCE.

Practical wisdom is only to be learned in the school of experience. Precepts and instructions are useful so far as they go, but, without the discipline of real life, they remain of the nature of theory only. The hard facts of existence have to be faced, to give that touch of truth to character which can never be imparted by reading or tuition, but only by contact with the broad instincts of common men and women.

To be worth anything, character must be capable of standing firm upon its feet in the world of daily work, temptation, and trial, and able to bear the wear-and-tear of actual life. The life that rejoices in solitude may be only rejoicing in selfishness. Seclusion may indicate contempt for others, though more usually it means indolence, cowardice or self-indulgence. To every human being belongs his fair share of manful toil and human duty, and it can not be shirked without loss to the individual himself, as well as to the community to which he belongs.

It is only by mixing in the daily life of the world, and taking part in its affairs, that practical knowledge can be acquired and wisdom learned. It is there that we find our chief sphere of duty, that we learn the discipline of work, and that we educate ourselves in that patience, diligence and endurance which shape and consolidate the character. There we encounter the difficulties, trials and temptations which, according as we deal with them, give a color to our entire after-life—there, too, we become subject to the great discipline of suffering, from which we learn to encounter our trials with cheerfulness, and to stand erect beneath even the heaviest burden.

THE GATHERING TOGETHER AND ONWARD MARCH OF A GREAT REPUBLIC.

By A. H. WHARTON.

PART XIV.

THE BRITISH IN PHILADELPHIA.

After the battle of Germantown, Howe removed his army to Philadelphia, while Washington withdrew to Whitemarsh, about six miles from Mt. Airy, where he established his headquarters in the old Elmar mansion. Here, during the fall, the sufferings of these soldiers were severe, and in consequence of their miserable equipments and lack of shoes, a scheme for attacking the British in Philadelphia was relinquished as inexpedient.

While the Continental army was at Whitemarsh, Howe planned a surprise, which was entirely frustrated by the alertness, vigilance and mother-wit of Lydia Darrah, in whose house in Second Street the adjutant-general held confidential meetings with his officers. Washington was, by this brave woman, advised of the projected movement, whose aim was to destroy the whole of his army, and the British, as Howe afterwards confessed to Mrs. Darrah, marched to Whitemarsh "on a fool's errand," finding the Americans drawn up in line of battle, their cannon mounted, and all in readiness to give the enemy a warm reception.

Howe, in his despatches, declared that "they were so strongly intrenched that it was impossible to attack them."

Washington, doubtless "laughing in his sleeve" at this fortunate misconception, and feeling keenly the miserable condition of his army, prudently refrained from leading an attack, and three days later marched through the deep snow to Valley Forge, crossing the Schuylkill at Swede's Ford.

For this necessary withdrawal of his troops, sadly in need of repose, to these barren hillsides, the commander-in-chief was as severely censured as if he had quartered them luxuriously in a palace at the expense of the government. The cry was then "On to Philadelphia at all hazards!"—as it was not very long since, "On to Richmond!"

To all such clamors and numerous letters of remonstrance Washington replied, with firmness and dignity:

"Gentlemen reprobate the going into winter-quarters, as much as if they thought the soldiers were made of stocks or stones. * * * However, although they seem to have little feeling for the naked and distressed soldiers, I feel superabundantly for them, and from my soul I pity those miseries which it is neither in my power to relieve or prevent."

Humane and eminently judicious as his conduct has been proved by the sequel to have been, the dissatisfaction increased, and during this winter a conspiracy was formed to remove Washington from the command, and place Gates at the head of the army.

Fortunately for the nation and the army, which was a unit in its devotion and fidelity to its leader, the plot proved unsuccessful. Washington, holding this elevated position, the target for every ill-natured shot, with discontent and complaints from without instead of encouragement, in the fulfillment of his duty must have felt, keenly—

"O hard condition,
Twin born with greatness, subject to the breath
Of every fool, whose sense no more can feel,
But his own wringing! What infinite heart-ease
Must kings neglect, that private men enjoy!"

Mrs. Washington joined her husband at Valley Forge, presiding over his humble board with a grace and dignity that charmed all who came within its influence. The young Marquis de Lafayette also formed one of Washington's military household, sharing with him most cheerfully all the comforts of this gloomy and unusually severe winter. It is said, that while shivering in these log huts that it was impossible to thoroughly warm, he was wont to say that their camp was "no gayer than a dungeon!" A strange contrast, indeed, to his former life! and brave and earnest must have been the spirit that led this man of twenty-one to quit the luxuries of his own home, and the allurements of the gayest capital and court in the world, to suffer hardships, dangers and anxieties for the cause of American Independence!

While the Continental army spent the dreary months in watching and waiting, "all went merry as a marriage bell" in the British quarters in Philadelphia.

Among the aristocratic families of this city, for even at that early day the pride of birth was known and acknowledged, there were many loyalists who received the enemy, not as dreaded foes, but as friends and deliverers. Such regarded his Majesty over the water, who certainly must have appeared more majestic in the distance, as their rightful sovereign, and honestly considered this war a most iniquitous rebellion. Mayor Shoemaker was himself a Tory, and when we look at the position of affairs through the softening lights and shadows of a hundred years, remembering that many of these British officers were brave, noble and highly accomplished men, here in the fulfillment of their duty, having little interest aside from that in the American War, we cannot wonder that these Tory ladies and gentlemen, bred up in English ways of living and thinking, should have received him joyfully, feeling that the war was nominally over, and the reign of peace and King George about to recommence under brilliant auspices.

Several times during this winter the security of the British in Philadelphia was disturbed. Once the Whigs in Bordentown sent a number of kegs filled with powder down the Delaware River, one of which exploded, causing general alarm and increased vigilance. A humorous poem, from the pen of Francis Hopkinson, called "The Battle of the Kegs," describes this affair.

Among the inhabitants of Philadelphia, there were many who grieved heartily over this British possession of the city, and would have sacrificed all they held dear to see the Continental army and Congress once more within its limits. To them it was "gall and wormwood" to see these fine British gentlemen strolling about the streets taking the best of everything, establishing themselves in the most luxurious houses and having everything at their command.

It has been said that Sir William Howe found the city a pattern of sobriety, and left it a Sybaris. The customs and vices introduced in a few months were not eradicated in as many years. How this feasting and merry-making must have angered all good citizens, especially the Friends. Those whose sympathies were with the suffering army at Valley Forge could only hold their peace, watching and waiting for an opportunity to give Washington information concerning the movements of the enemy.

One person, in whose house some British officers were quartered, revenges himself by telling us that General Knyphausen was in the habit of spreading his butter on his bread with his thumb, an odd fragment of gossip to find its way down to us among the serious items of history! It is further said, however, that he was very polite, as was also the gallant young Major Andre, who lodged in Dr. Franklin's house, and added not a little to make this winter a memorable one to the Tory ladies of Philadelphia. In all elegant and manly accomplishments he excelled. In an old volume we come across a song written by him; in another a portrait from his pencil, while we are assured that the curtain used at a small amateur theatre—painted by Andre—was the admiration of all beholders.

One of the most interesting events during the British occupation was an entertainment given to General Howe by his officers, previous to his quitting the army to return to Europe, and which one writer, in speaking of it, calls "an orgie worthy of Rome under the Flavian emperors." Very magnificent it certainly was, and vastly enjoyed by some of the *Whig* ladies as well as the Tories, the former being, of course, severely censured for participating in the contraband gayety.

The Meschianza, as this fete was called, from an Italian word signifying a medley, took place on the eighteenth of May, 1778. The company assembled at Knight's wharf, from whence they proceeded by water to the old Wharton mansion, in Southwark—the scene of the festivities. Everything was arranged in the most elegant manner; the decorations of the vast supper and ball rooms being beautiful and elaborate, and the appointments regal—the guests being waited on by twenty-four black slaves in oriental dresses.

A grand regatta opened the entertainment, followed by a tournament in which the "Knights of the Blended Rose and of the Burning Mountain" performed feats of valor in honor of the beautiful ladies who that day deigned to wear their respective colors, after which there was a ball, supper, and grand display of fireworks. In these, Fame appeared, blowing from her trumpet these words "*Les Lauriers sont Immortels*," intended as a delicate compliment to Sir William Howe. His laurels were not destined to be immortal, however, as he was severely censured for his nine months' inactivity in Philadelphia by the British press, whose strictures against this pageant were equally harsh. After speaking of Howe, one of the writers of that time adds, "We have seen the same general, after this indolence, after all these wretched blunders, accept from a few of his officers a triumph more magnificent than would have become the conqueror of America."

Whilst the knights, their ladies, and all this gay and brilliant company were enjoying themselves, the Continental army were not asleep. General Lafayette had that very day marched with 2,100 men, to Barren Hill, and taken up his position there, a report having reached the camp to the effect that the British were about to leave the city. Captain McLean, with one hundred infantry and Clon's dragoons, at about ten o'clock, when the dancing had fairly begun, reached the abatis at the north of the city, which connected the line of redoubts. At a given signal, the whole line was in a blaze.

The British, taken by surprise, beat the roll call and fired the guns of the redoubts. The alarm became general, but the ladies, being assured by their entertainers that the firing was part of the evening's programme, suffered their fears to be allayed, and the ball continued until a late hour in the night.

The soldiers, however, understanding the nature of the assault, gathered together a party of dragoons to pursue McLean and his band, who escaped, and took refuge among the hills of the Wissahickon.

SPRING FLOWERS.

BY M. C. D.

Over the mountains blue and cold
The winds are sweeping fiercely and bold;
But down in the valleys, lowly and still,
Spring life is working with patient will.

Delicate lines of green are thrown
Up from the furrows rough and brown,
While under the forest's rich, dark mould
Are weaving bright colors manifold.

From leafless branches the blue bird sings,
There is promise and rest in its folded wings,
The bright harbinger of spring's blossom and song,
After a winter silent and long.

Not yet can the woods hold a flower for me,
Too early for white-star or anemone,
But I peek in the garden a warm sheltered place,
Where the pale crocus stands in its own timid grace.

And more than I seek there I find; by the wall
Of the old-fashioned garden, 'neath the rose tree tall,
A lonely bent snowdrop has tinkled its bell,
Into the silence that all 'round it fell.

One gay yellow cowslip is lifting its head
From the light-green nest by the border outspread,
And one little violet, shy and discreet,
Is betrayed by its perfume subtly sweet.

I know of a life that is darkened and sad—
What if these spring flowers make one hour glad?—
I shall gather them far away, friend, all for thee,
Will you listen to what they will tell you of me?

Do you care to know what with them they bring—
My first and my best of the blossoms of spring?
A regard pure and fresh and a friendship as strong
As the earliest of flowers or the bluebird's clear song.

My violet, restful with loyalty rare,
My cowslip, for gladness, my snowdrop, a prayer.
My crocus, for up-springing life on the wing,
The Easter o'er all—the awakening.

AN APRIL SUNRISE AND SUNSET.

BY OLIVE BELL.

CHAPTER I.

"Lucy, have you forgotten who is coming to-night?" said Mrs. Gordon, with a reproving glance at her youthful curly-headed daughter, who stood in the doorway of the old-fashioned farm kitchen, in an unbecoming wrapper, curls flying about her fresh, but discontented face, and a fretful pout on her full red lips.

"No!" gloomily replied Lucy, without turning her head, her hazel eyes roaming over the distant meadows, where green blades of timothy were just showing themselves among the russet brownness of the withered grass.

"Are you not going to dress?" her mother went on, a little sharply.

"No."

"Lucy," her mother's face flashed angrily, "You ought to be ashamed of yourself. You treat John Appleton outrageously. One day you smile on him, and the next you won't speak to him. He's worth a dozen of that Lambert, that you've been flirting with lately."

Lucy walked out into the little porch where John and she had so often talked the twilight hours away, and muttered, with a toss of her curly head, "John is a bear; I'll do as I please."

"Very well," coolly replied her mother, "but take care you don't go too far."

Lucy leaned against a pillar and watched a tall, straight figure coming at a swinging pace across the meadow, with sullen eyes. She knew it was John, and she did wish John would stay away for a few weeks at least. Not that she did not love him, for Lucy cared more for one of John's horny, brown fingers than she did for the whole of Gilbert Lambert's perfumed body, and she meant to marry him sometime in the happy future. But Lucy was pretty, and with a pretty woman's vanity, could not give up the admiration that made her girlhood so bright and enchanting.

He had shown such a decided repugnance at her intimacy with Gerald Lambert, that she felt unusually piqued at him. Yet a feeling of remorseful pity came into her heart, as the honest face came nearer and she saw the shadow on it. She half-regretted her careless toilet, but it was too late to improve it, for John's keen gray eyes were scanning her from head to foot.

"Good evening, Lucy," he said, as he reached the porch, "what a beautiful evening!"

He removed his hat and gazed reverently up at the sapphire April sky, and Lucy—aroused out of the sullenness that had been blind to beauty of all kinds, looked around her and grew suddenly softened at the splendor of nature's glory.

"What a glorious sunset, Lucy," said John's solemn voice—for John was a lover of all grand or lovely scenes.

"Lovely!" echoed Lucy, fixing her hazel eyes on the bank of golden clouds in the western sky, where the sun was just slipping down behind purple hilltops, like a ball of ruby flame. Tiny bits of foam-like clouds flecked the limpid blue of the heavens, a warm, golden glow gilded the earth, freshened and vivified with April showers. The musical twitter of birds filled the woodlands, and a strange feeling of awe stole into Lucy's heart, for the glory that surrounded her seemed more than earthly.

"Won't you come in, John," Lucy said, in a softened voice, with a glance at the pleasant kitchen her mother had wisely vacated.

"No, Lucy," replied John, seating himself on the porch steps at Lucy's feet. "What I have to say I will say here."

Lucy flushed to the roots of her curly nut-brown hair, and moved a step or two away from John.

"Look!" she cried, pointing to the blazing western sky, "that bank of golden clouds is changing to crimson."

John looked at the gorgeous panorama absently.

"Yes, Lucy; it is a glorious sunset. We may never see another like it this side of eternity," he said, dreamily, seeming to lose himself in some solemn thought.

"Pooh!" Lucy laughed—a little, musical laugh that always set John's pulses to beating wildly. "You are always looking at the dark side of things, John. We will watch many a sunset together."

John bounced to his feet and stood before Lucy, blushing like a girl—for John loved Lucy with no common love, and the slightest word of encouragement was eagerly caught at.

"Oh, Lucy," there was a quiver in his manly voice, "do you think so?"

"Of course I do," asserted practical Lucy, edging farther away from him; "we are not going to die yet awhile."

"But—but you flirt so with Gerald Lambert," stammered John.

"Jealous! Fie, John!" laughed Lucy, with a saucy twinkle in her hazel eyes.

"I am not." John suddenly grew grave and stern. "But you know I love you, Lucy, and I cannot stand idly by and watch another man win you from me."

Lucy's face whitened, as it always did when she was angry, and the softness faded out of her heart, even as the gold was fading out of the western sky.

"You must think I am easily won," she said, drily. "Gerald Lambert is only a friend."

"He claims to be more than that." John fixed his steady eyes on Lucy's confused face. "I am not angry, Lucy," he went on, steadily, "but the time has come when I must speak my mind on a subject that concerns us both."

John paused and Lucy glanced nervously at her faded wrapper, and wondered if John was really going to pop the question. She hoped he had more sense, for just fancy a man going down on his knees to a woman so untidily dressed, thought romantic Lucy.

But John's heart was too full of pure honest love for the little girl whose curly head he hoped might nestle on his bosom for many a year, to notice the unbecoming toilet, and his gray eyes grew tender and loving as he gazed at the pretty, dimpled face.

"Lucy," his voice was wonderfully soft. "I have known you from childhood. I have loved you all my life Sometimes I have thought you loved me; at others you have filled my heart with cruel fears. Oh, Lucy, love, I cannot bear it a day longer. You must choose between Gerald Lambert and me."

The sullen look came back into Lucy's eyes. Why could not John let her alone? She meant to marry him some day, but not just yet. She loved fun and frolic, and John was so wise and steady he grew alarmed at trifles, she thought, pulling vigorously at a stray lock of hair that would curl up into a kink in spite of her.

"What do you say, Lucy?" questioned John, "Will you give up Gerald Lambert?"

Lucy's eyes blazed. If he wanted her love, why could he not leave Gerald Lambert out of the question.

"No!" she replied, sullenly, although in the same breath she mentally wished Gerald at the bottom of the sea. She never lifted her eyes to John's sad face.

"And you will never marry me, Lucy—never love me as I have loved you?"

There was such passionate fervor, such heartfelt sorrow in the manly voice, that Lucy did not dare to look at him.

"No!"

What inward spirit of evil prompted Lucy to speak that short, sullen word, Lucy never knew. But it was spoken, and she lifted her hazel eyes to the sapphire sky with as placid a gaze as if her heart was deeply thankful, instead of being torn by a thousand rebellious thoughts.

"Very well."

Years after, the pain and pathos in those two short words haunted her like a wail from the grave. John stood before her, calm and self-possessed.

"I will never trouble you again, Lucy," he said, quietly. "Will you kiss me once?"

Lucy felt a little awed at the sternness of his voice, and trembled at the thought of losing him forever. But she was too proud and wilful to take back her answer unasked, so she playfully held up her red lips, while John kissed her with a long, lingering kiss, such as we give the dead, whose face we shall never see again.

"Good-bye," he said, huskily, as he strode away, leaving Lucy standing in the ruby glow of the sunset, with a wild, scared look on her young face.

"He will come back," she whispered, "surely—surely—for I could not bear to lose John."

She stood in the little porch until the gold had changed to crimson, the crimson to purple, that spread itself like a royal mantle over the western hills, and white mists settled down on the brooks that but a moment ago had reflected the gorgeous rays of the setting sun, and crept up to her own room with a strange sense of loss at her heart.

"I will make it up with him to-morrow," sighed Lucy, as she laid her head on the pillow.

But, alas! for all human to-morrows, she knew not what that April sunrise would bring forth.

CHAPTER II.

Lucy, who had passed a restless night, was up at the break of day, her glossy nut-brown hair neatly combed and curled, and attired in a clean wrapper that set off her plump figure to perfection.

She went out on the lawn, and the sun coming up in the east tinted her cheeks with the rose-red light of early morning, and down on the meadows came floods of golden light that bathed the low green lands in a yellow glow, and the songs of thrushes and meadow-larks broke out in every hedge and coppice.

Lucy but vaguely realized the beauty around her. She had sorely wounded the heart of one she loved, but was too obstinate to own it, and now eagerly longed for a glance at the honest face that had been the dearest face in the world to her.

"Lucy!" called her mother.

Lucy went into the house, to be confronted by John Appleton's aged father.

"Where is John?" demanded her mother.

"John!" echoed Lucy, with a whitening face; "what do I know about John? He went home last night."

"At what hour?" inquired his father.

"Before dark," replied Lucy, turning from white to red, as she saw the anger and astonishment in her mother's face.

"Which path did he take?" said his father in a cold voice, for Lucy's flirtations had often angered him.

"The path across the meadow."

"He never reached home."

"What!" screamed Lucy—"what can have happened him?"

"God knows!" fervently replied farmer Appleton, as he turned out of the house in search of his boy.

"Lucy!" Mrs. Gordon went and took her daughter's ice-cold hands in hers. "What passed between John and you last night?"

"Don't ask me. Let me go in search of him!" cried Lucy, struggling to free herself.

"Not one step," said her mother, firmly, "until you tell me what was said."

"He asked me to give up Gerald Lambert," sobbed Lucy.

"And you refused?"

"Yes, I did. I'd like to know if I can't have as many beaux as I please."

Lucy attempted to screen herself by getting angry.

"What else did he say?"

"He wanted to know if I never meant to marry him, and I said no, though I didn't mean it a bit."

"You foolish child!"

Her mother threw her from her, and Lucy dashed out of the house, and the next instant was flying across the meadow like one possessed. She passed Mr. Appleton, who was wearily trudging homeward.

"Ho! Lucy," he cried out; "he might have fallen over the crags yonder."

"Heaven forbid!" ejaculated Lucy.

But a strange stillness came over her as she reached a thick coppice of hazel bushes that divided the meadows from a ravine, whose steep sides were set with jagged rocks and clumps of ferns. The path terminated abruptly on the edge of this coppice, and another commenced, a narrow, dangerous path, winding along the crags, where a misstep was certain death.

When Lucy reached the edge of the ravine, a cloud of foam-like, golden-hued vapor was slowly curling up from its dark depths—and oh, horror! on a little shelf of rocks, not ten feet from where she stood, lay John Appleton, his white, rigid face upturned to the blue April sky.

"John!" Lucy cried, standing on the edge of the crags, with clasped hands—"John, speak to me!"

But John neither spoke nor moved. The voice that had never spoken unkindly to her was silent forever. The heart she had grieved would never throb in joy or sorrow again.

"Dead!" she shrieked out, in an agony of grief and terror.

The aged father heard the words, and tottered on his staff, but no murmur against the justice of this blow inflicted by His Divine hand escaped his lips as his eyes fell on the dead face of his son.

Lucy's cries had brought Mr. Gordon's farm hands to the spot, and very tenderly they raised the dead body and bore it homeward. They found a sharp wound on the temple, where a jagged point of rock had pierced his brain. How he happened to fall no one ever knew, but Lucy, sitting in her darkened chamber, weeping bitter, bitter tears, felt that she had driven him to his death, and that through the blindness of grief he had fallen over the crags.

For months Lucy Gordon hovered between life and death. Some said it was the shock, others that she had loved John, but no one but her mother knew that the memory of her last interview was killing her. She came to reason, with death pictured on every lineament of her white face.

"Carry me down to the little porch," she said one April evening, a year after.

And they carried her down, where she met Gerald Lambert, his almost boyish face truly sorrowful.

"Lucy," he said, when they were left alone, "you will get well."

"No." Lucy shook her head sadly, then pointed to the glowing west, where the sun shone like molten gold. "Do you see yon beautiful scene, Gerald—the west all barred with amethyst and gold—the blue sky above us, flecked with pinks?"

"Yes," breathed Gerald, gazing at the sweetruck, spiritual face.

"Well, John and I watched the sun go down one year ago. I was young and foolish. I refused his love for your boyish admiration. And the sun arose, and his rays kissed his dead face, even as to-morrow morning they will kiss mine."

She laid her head back exhausted while Gerald stroked her thin hands.

"Lucy, are you afraid to die?"

She smiled faintly.

"I drove him to his death unprepared. I go purified by suffering."

They carried her back to her couch, and Gerald watched at her bedside until the breath left her body. They had been friends, heedless, thoughtless friends, and he sincerely mourned her.

"Bury me beside John" had been her dying words; and the two who should have walked hand in hand through life, now rest side by side in death.

LITTLE CHILDREN.—People who habitually put little children out of their hearts, and close their doors upon them, have no idea how much comfort they set aside—what pleasure, what amusement. Of course the little creatures meddle with things, and leave the traces of their fingers on the wall, and cry, and "bother" a little; but, when one gets into the way of it, as mothers and other loving relatives do, those things become of minor importance. Children say such pretty things, and do such funny things, the touch of their little hands is so soft, the sound of their little voices so sweet, their faces are so pretty, their movements so graceful and so comical, the whole family goes baby-mad—and it is no wonder. No book was ever written that was half so interesting as a little child that is learning to talk and to think, that is developing from a tiny animal into a being with a conscience and a heart.

REMEMBER, that the talent of turning people into ridicule, and exposing to laughter those one converses with, is the gratification of small minds and ungenerous tempers. A young person with this cast of mind cuts himself off from all manner of improvement. So said Addison, long ago, and it is as true to-day.

CENTENNIAL NEWS.

COCOANUT and banana trees will be seen in full bloom in Horticultural Hall.

THE French restaurant will be largely made up of mirrors, plate glass and gilt. There will be music in the grand salon, and you will have the pleasure of paying a pretty French girl for what you've eaten.

VERMONT is the oldest daughter of the Nation. She was admitted into the Union in 1791. But few States will make a better exhibition at the Centennial than Vermont. In some of her manufacturing interests she is not excelled. The ladies will also make a display of their ingenuity, industry and handiwork.

ROLLING-CHAIRS will be kept at designated stations within the principal buildings for the conveyance of visitors desiring to use them. With attendants, the charge per hour will not exceed seventy-five cents; without attendants, thirty-five or fifty cents for each class of chairs respectively. There will be plenty of ordinary chairs which weary sight-seers may use without charge.

A CIRCULAR turret of wood has been constructed close by the Government Building. It represents the turret of a monitor, and is twenty-four feet in diameter, with a thickness of twelve inches in the wood. Above it is the pilot-box, and inside, with their muzzles protruding through the portholes, are two fifteen-inch guns. The whole will illustrate the manner of working these famous turrets.

THE Cantata, written by appointment of the Centennial Commission, for the opening of the Exhibition on the 10th of May, has just been published. The poem is by Sidney Lanier, of Georgia. The music is by Dudley Buck, of Connecticut. The title of the work is "The Centennial Meditation of Columbia." It is to be performed under the direction of Theodore Thomas, by an orchestra of 150 instruments, and a choir of 500 singers. The time required for its execution is not more than twelve minutes.

IN the centre of the aisle near the Chili and Norwegian Departments is what is known as Station A of the Pneumatic Railroad, which extends under ground to George's Hill. It is not yet in operation; the fare for each passenger will be five cents, and as the curious are by all odds the most numerous class of people, the trade done will be profitable. Everybody will want to be shot through the ground at the rate of a mile in Goldsmith Maid's best time.

THE same difficulty—lack of sufficient space—existing in Horticultural Hall as in the Main Building and the Art Gallery, a new and temporary conservatory of wood will be erected on the north side of the first-named building. The contract has been awarded. For the same reason the Building Committee have given out the contract for the erection of an annex, covering thirty thousand square feet of space, to Agricultural Hall. It is intended for the exhibition of carriages and various kinds of wood, and will be located just north of the main structure.

MR. PETIT, of the Bureau of Installation, has designed a handsome symbol for terminating points of the flagstaffs on the buildings. The symbol used at Vienna was a crown, typical of monarchy. On the Main Building on the Exhibition Ground the flagstaff will be surmounted by finials, which will be in the same honorable position as the crown in Europe, but of a totally different design. The liberty cap, which will be there, will be surrounded by a wreath of oak and laurel, and above will be a circle of stars representing the thirteen States. On the summit a torch; the torch, stars, and liberty cap being relatively in position to show that the liberties of the people can be perpetuated only through the education of the people.

ANOTHER article is on its way to the Centennial. It is a mammoth lump of solid silver, rare and curious on account of its great size, and worthy of a place at the fair because of its purity, because nine-tenths genuine article, with but one-tenth alloy. It is round, and deeper in the centre than elsewhere, measures just 5 feet 9 inches in diameter, and weighs 4,200 pounds. It is from the Potosi Silver Mine of Mexico. It is owned by one Pio Bernlezillo, and would bring $12,000 if sold for old silver. It occupies an enormous octagon box, which, covered with blue cloth, shows off the silver to advantage. The primitive art of the Mexican is shown in the moulding of the cake, which is full of lumps and ridges, and evidently moulded in a hole scooped from the sand. A circular, printed in several languages and bearing the signature of the owner, explains that the cake is a "cake of silver of the fineness of the Mexican trade dollar, produced from 272 tons of ore."

THE POST Office department, in the government building, is now complete in all necessary detail. In the centre of the space occupied by the boxes, which are now for rent, there is the shield of the United States, supported by the heads of eagles. In their beaks are rings, from which depend the folds of a flowing scroll on which is the legend in gilt letters, "1776. Centennial Branch Post Office. 1876." And on each side are panels with two carrier pigeons, each bearing an envelope in its beak. There are boxes of deposit for Southern, Western, Northern and Eastern Pennsylvania, Philadelphia, Foreign and Centennial, the last being for individuals dwelling inside the Exhibition inclosure. For their convenience, also, and for the public generally, there are a large number of lamp-post boxes distributed over the grounds, from which letters will be collected once every hour. These boxes are inscribed with, "Mail collections hourly," in gilt letters, in six languages, besides English, as in French, Italian, Spanish, German, Russian and Chinese. In the centre on the sides is a neatly painted white envelope, with a red seal, on which are the letters, "M. J."

THE English buildings promise to be among the largest, and in themselves the most interesting, at the Exhibition. They compose a group of three buildings, the largest one being intended for the commissioners' offices, while the others are to be used, one as a kitchen, the other for the police force. They are half-timbered structures, their ephemeral character being shown by the filling that is used, which is neither brick nor of stone, but simply of lathe and plaster. The facade of the large building is occupied by three large gables, which express their construction with all possible frankness, and have that air of picturesqueness which is found in the old half-timber houses of Chester and other parts of England. The body of the building seems to be all window; for the casements of the rooms and corridors in the two stories are connected, and form an uninterrupted line of windows. The interior is attractively finished, great attention having been paid to the mantelpieces, which are of sculptured hard wood, fireplaces, stairway, and furniture. As might be expected, free use has been made of tiles—painted tiles for the fireplace jambs, enamelled tiles for the hearths, encaustic tiles for the floors. There are two halls: one a kind of interior porch; the other a larger and more handsomely finished room, having at one end a large black walnut mantelpiece, and from which the grand stairway ascends to the upper floor. A long corridor opens right and left from this hall, giving access to the various offices of the commissioners. In the upper story there are other offices for the commissioners, and a variety of smaller rooms appropriated to the use of the housekeeper and the domestics.

THE plan of Mr. Corliss for transmitting the motive power for the machinery in Machinery Hall consists in placing two large beam engines of 700 horse power each in the central section of Machinery Hall, and distributing the power from this point throughout the building. These engines will have the fly-wheel (a gear) between them, and the cranks of both will connect with the same crank shaft, so that, properly speaking, the two engines will form a double engine. The gear fly-wheel will connect underneath the floor with the main shaft, which will be 252 feet long, and run crosswise of the building. At the ends of this shaft, and at two intermediate points connected with it by twats of beveled gear six feet in diameter, will be shafts 108 feet long, running at right angles with the main shaft to points directly under the ends of the separate lines of shafting overhead. At each end of these four connecting shafts are the main pulleys, eight in all. Each pulley is directly under the end of a main shaft over head, in the hall, with which it is connected by a double belt, and each is in a position to drive a straight line of shafting 635 feet long, or what may be called a separate section of machinery, each section being the whole length and one-fourth the width of one wing of the hall. The main shaft will be extended underneath the transept, 100 feet or more, to furnish power for machinery in that section. The main belts will pass through the hall in out of the way places, and be enclosed in glass compartments, so as to make a separate exhibit of the belts. The engine is nominally of 1400 horse power, but can be increased to 2500 horse power should occasion require. The gear fly-wheel is 30 feet in diameter, 2 feet across its face, weighs 56 tons, and is said to be the heaviest cut a-heel ever made. It has 216 teeth, and these are to be finished with such accuracy and nicety that, although the wheel will make 36 revolutions per minute, it will run noiselessly. The height of the engine from the main floor will be 39 feet, and every part of it will be accessible by means of iron staircases and balconies.

THE TRUE STORY OF A

SONG OF SIXPENCE.

A FAIRY EXTRAVAGANZA.

STRAIN THE SECOND;

(CONTINUED.)

THE SINGING OF THE SONG OF SIXPENCE.

The rye was soon found and, watching her opportunity as a large cloud glided over the moon's disk, she took, not a handful, but a pocketful of rye, with which she hastened to the house.

"Now, dame," said she, "how am I to use this rye?"

"Make the person you have an ill-will to swallow but a grain of this rye, and you may change him or her into what living thing you please."

"Is that so?" said Chickabiddy, with a mischievous twinkle in her eye. "Why, dame, what a curious front tooth you have. Let me look at it."

The old woman, quite off her guard, opened her mouth complacently, and Chickabiddy, with the quickness of thought, pulled an ear of rye from her pocket and thrust it down the witch's throat, laughing and crying out

"An owl, be an owl, Glamour of Grumbleton,
For your match, for your match at last you've stumbled on!"

And sure enough, in the old woman's place appeared an owl with draggled feathers, who began shrieking dismally.

"Ah, shriek away," said Chickabiddy. "You wanted me to murder Semiquaver, and I've paid you off for it!" saying this, Chickabiddy, going carelessly up to the table and opening one of the books at random, stooped and read these words:

"From Blackbird and Radish, as she hangs
out her clothes
Let the Maid who opens me guard well her
nose."

"Radishes and noses!" cried Chickabiddy in great disgust. "Nothing but radishes and noses on every side."

A sudden thought here sped across the mind of the old witch bewitched—a thought of revenge.

"Stay, Chickabiddy!" she cried out. "Though you have played this merry trick upon me, I bear you no malice. Look into the second book, my dear. The first tells you what to beware of, the second will tell you what to seek. Open the second book, my dear, open the second book!"

"Ah, to be sure I may as well try my luck. Here goes!"

So saying, she opened the second book and, just where her finger alighted, she read these words:

"In a battered old Sixpence a talisman
dwells;
Seek its aid; it is Worth the most potent of
spells.

"It's worth the most potent of spells, is it?" said Chickabiddy—but you see her education had been neglected, and she took a noun for an adjective. "A battered old sixpence, eh? I think I know where to find that. The villainous old sixpence at Castle Crotchet must serve my turn, though it nearly poisoned me when I smelled the green stuff upon it. That was not all, either, for, when I threw it away in a rage, it broke my looking-glass, so that when I looked in it my nose was wanting. Noses again! Never mind; that sixpence must and shall be mine!"

"Ah,", thought old Glamour, "the sooner you *seek its aid*, the better, for then, according to my compact with that wretch, Sterling Worth, you lose your power. Hurrah! hurrah!"

"Well, I'm off," said Chickabiddy. "By-bye, Auntie; keep up your spirits till you see again. Now, Miss Bristles, let's see you on your mettle!" so saying, she mounted her wooden steed again, and flew out at the window.

Now, as she crossed the nearest highway, she beheld by the light of the moon a cavalcade of four-and-twenty little men in white shirts and night-caps, and bestriding four-and-twenty milk-white little donkeys.

"Oho!" cried Chickabiddy, as she recognized the little Crotchets; "you come half way to meet your doom, you little wretches! So be it!

"White you are, white you are, but black you
shall be,
And the might of the magic Rye soon you
shall see!"

STRAIN THE THIRD.

FOUR-AND-TWENTY BLACKBIRDS BAKED IN A PIE.

But how came the four-and-twenty little Crotchets in their night-gear upon the highway at the dead of night?

Semiquaver had sobbed himself into a kind of half sleep on his pillow when he heard that piece of bed-furniture whisper in a low muffled voice:

"Semiquaver, get up and flee. There is a blight coming this way, and it comes quickly, though it rides on a broom-stick. If it finds you here you are lost. Wake your brothers all. Never stay to dress, but ride away as you are, and ride away as fast as you can."

Then Semiquaver knew at once that the pillow was his old nurse, Hushaby-baby, who had long ago disappeared, and that through one of Chickabiddy's tricks of course. Waiting but to give her an affectionate squeeze, Semiquaver hurriedly roused his brothers and, dragging them off still half asleep to the stables, they saddled their four-and twenty little donkeys and, mounting them, galloped away for very life. They had not ridden very long however when, as you know already, Chickabiddy came upon them.

But, as it did not suit Chickabiddy's purpose to be recognized, she took the shape of a farmer's boy going to market and bestriding an old gray mare, which old gray mare Miss Bristles personated for the occasion.

"Why, bless my soul alive!" cried the pretended farmer's boy, reining up his mare as he came upon the little band; "if here ain't four-and-twenty little millers, I'm a Dutchman! Stop my little chuckies and tell me, are you good judges of rye?"

"Yes, sir," said Semiquaver, not at all at his ease, for he felt that something was wrong, though he could not tell what.

"Well, that's a mercy," said the farmer's boy, "for here have I, like a young idiot, been buying some rye and know no more about it than my old mare. But here's a sample. What say you to it? Come! Every one of you shall taste it."

With these words he handed an ear of rye to each little Crotchet, and each putting it gravely to his lips, began munching the same. At this the farmer's boy, or rather Chickabiddy, cried out:

"Munch away, munch away, Fiddle-de-dee!
Twenty four Blackbirds I bid you to be!"

And, woe's me! there stood four-and-twenty blackbirds perched on as many donkeys.

"Now you go into my empty pocket," said Chickabiddy, catching the stupefied birds one after the other, and putting them into that receptacle. "But I think we have too many Donkeys here," continued she. "So, my four-footed gentlemen, be you changed into four-and-twenty boulders, and stay here till your masters come and fetch you. Ha! ha! ha! Miss Bristles and I will manage to get home without you."

No sooner said than done. In a moment the troop of donkeys were so many large stones by the road-side. Then Chickabiddy, resuming her natural shape turned Miss Bristles into a broom again, and a few minutes afterwards was safely deposited in her kitchen, had put Miss Bristles into her accustomed corner, and gone in the parlor.

The King was still sitting up, playing a mournful tune on the fiddle, for after the first excitement which had led him to punish the little Crotchets was past, an old prophecy flashed across his mind which made him very sad:

"When Crotchets by Crotchet are beaten and
whipped,
Of his money King Crotchet is utterly
stripped.
Like treasures ill-gotten, long-hoarded that
lie,
To the ground of Tom Tiddler 'twill certainly
fly."

So ran the prophecy.

Of course as soon as the jingling rhyme had occurred to him, the King had gone into his counting-house and inspected his strong box. Greatly to his relief, however, all his money-bags were there. Still he felt an ugly presentiment, and returning to the parlor took up his fiddle and played "Away with Melancholy," till he could hardly refrain from tears. It was then that Chickabiddy stepped in and asked him if he wanted any thing

"Well, Chickabiddy," said the King, "as you are not gone to bed, I should like you to bring me that cold pie we were to have had for supper."

"I'll do better," said Chickabiddy, "I'll fetch you a hot one!" and away she scampered.

"Now, Timothy Potpan," said she, stuffing the pocketful of rye into the coffee-mill, "turn away, you villain, and grind me this rye. A slight taste of coffee won't hurt it, and if it does, I don't care."

There was no gainsaying any order of Chickabiddy's now, and Timothy Potpan ground away for very life. Meanwhile Chickabiddy had mixed some flour and water, to which, as soon as Timothy Potpan had finished, she added the rye meal and made it into a stiff paste.

"Now, Roly-Poly, you lazy pig," said she, "roll me this paste into pie-crust in a jiffy."

Roly-Poly obeyed. Then Chickabiddy lined an immense dish with it, put the blackbirds in, covered them over with a top crust, put the dish into the oven, turned three times upon her left heel, clapped her hands and sang:

"Ye Spirits of Cookery, attend to my
cry;
Bake the crust, spare the meat of my
Magical Pie."

Then she opened the oven-door and lo! the pie was baked—outside at least—to a nicety. So she took it into the parlor and set it before the King.

STRAIN THE FOURTH.

WHEN THE PIE WAS OPENED THE BIRDS BEGAN TO SING.

With two dexterous slashes of his knife, King Crotchet cut an enormous piece of the pie, and was about to plunge a spoon into the cavity to bring out the meat when, with a loud whirring noise the four-and-twenty blackbirds, half suffocated, dashed into his face and half blinded him, and then, ere he had recovered from his consternation the birds began to sing that identical song of sixpence which had been the beginning of their troubles, while Chickabiddy, dancing around like one possessed, kept crying out:

"Now is not that a pretty dish to set before a King? Eh, is not *that* a dish to set before a King?"

"What means this, Chickabiddy?" said the King, when he had partially got over the shock. "What devilish trick is this, and how came these wonderful birds—these supernatural choristers into the pie?"

"This devilish trick is a trick of mine," replied Chickabiddy, snapping her fingers with glee, "and these supernatural what-do-you call-'ems are your four-and-twenty sons, whom I have changed into blackbirds. Now, will you have them restored to their shapes, or will you wait till you get them? Stay; don't answer. In your money-chest are three-and-twenty bags of gold, and there hangs a crooked little sixpence. Give me those bags of gold and that sixpence, and you may have your precious birds. If not, you shall never see them again. There!"

"Oh, the prophecy; the prophecy!" cried the King, slapping his forehead. "Oh, wretched man! What shall I do?"

"Out with the yellow boys, old man, and you shall have the black ones."

The King thought a moment, then slapping his forehead once more, exclaimed, "There is no striving against fate. I'll fetch you the money."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

THERE can hardly be a more mistaken kindness—in reality, a greater cruelty—on the part of a mother toward a daughter, than for her to relieve the daughter from all active participation in household duties. To keep her hands fair and delicate, to spare her all care and trouble—this will work very well for a few months and a few years, but what will the after consequence be?

THE bright fire is the eye of the home; it bespeaks cheerfulness, peace, cleanliness, comfort. About it, the small, sweet courtesies of life—in which there is no parade nor affectation, which manifest themselves in kind words and affectionate looks—cluster naturally and gracefully.

ON THE THRESHOLD.

BY S. D. S.

Standing on the threshold, with her wakening heart and mind,
Standing on the threshold, with her childhood left behind;
The woman softness blending with the look of sweet surprise,
For life and all its marvels that lights the clear blue eyes.

Standing on the threshold, with light foot and fearless hand,
As the young knight by his armor in a minster nave might stand,
The fresh red lip just touching youth's ruddy rapturous wine,
The eager heart all brave, pure hope, O happy child of mine!

I could guard the helpless infant that nestled in my arms,
I could save the prattler's golden head from petty baby harms,
I could lighten childhood's gladness, and comfort childhood's tears,
But I cannot cross the threshold with the step of riper years.

For hopes and joys and maiden dreams are waiting for her there,
Where girlhood's fancies bud and bloom in April's golden air,
And passionate love, and passionate griefs, and passionate gladness lie
Among the crimson flowers that spring as youth goes fluttering by.

Ah! on those rosy pathways is no place for sobered feet,
My tired eyes have naught of strength such fervid glow to meet,
My voice is all too sad to sound amid the joyous notes
Of the music that through charmed air for opening girlhood floats.

Yet thorns amid the leaves may lurk, and thunder-clouds may lower,
And death, or change, or falsehood blight the jasmine in the bower;
May God avert the woe, my child, but O, should tempest come,
Remember, by the threshold waits the patient love of home!

"Standing on the threshold, with her childhood left behind;
The woman softness blending with the look of sweet surprise."

THE CYPHER TELEGRAM!

By CHARLES MORRIS.

[This story was commenced in No. 80, Vol. 85. Back numbers can always be obtained.]

CHAPTER XXVIII.

DETECTIVE FOGG THROWN OFF THE TRACK.

While his agent was thus successfully employed, Lovelace was slowly returning towards the city from the point of his adventure with the detective. It was of no use for him to make haste. He was satisfied that the boy would not be willing to return with partial information, and that it might be several hours before he would be ready to meet him at the appointed place.

Besides, he was not quite easy at mind in regard to the officer. This man would not likely yield his intention to arrest him. His determined escape would help to convince Mr. Fogg that he had great reason to fear arrest. The latter would, therefore, probably renew his attempt, and it would need some caution to avoid him.

Lovelace had plentiful reason to desire his full liberty just now. A detention, if but for a day, would be very vexatious and might interfere materially with his plans. Yet if the officer again attempted an arrest, it would be in the city, and with aid from police or citizens. Escape would not be so easy a matter as on the occasion just passed.

With these considerations in his mind he approached the city; determined to keep an eye open for his enemy, and to use his utmost efforts to avoid being caught in any trap which might be set for him.

His rendezvous with Tim was fixed at the hotel, yet the hotel was just the place that it was important for him now to avoid. He felt certain that the officer would find some bye-road by which to return to the city, and would be there almost as soon as himself.

It was necessary for him, then, to keep a double lookout; one for his enemy, Mr. Fogg, and the other for his emissary, Tim Sparks. On the one account it would be necessary for him to avoid the hotel, on the other it would be important to seek it, as he had no idea by what street his agent would approach. It was a quandary that would require great discretion on his part.

He took his time so thoroughly that it was late in the afternoon when he re-entered the city. His first action after striking the busy portion of the streets again, was to repair to a restaurant and procure something in lieu of a dinner, of which, like Tim, he began to feel the need.

Keenly watching for the officer, he passed through street after street, approaching the hotel. He reached its vicinity at length, by a back street that ran in its rear. On this were situated the stables. The sight of these gave him a new thought. He slipped into the stable yard and made a quick inspection of the various carriages and wagons that stood there. Yes, sure enough, there was the unmistakable vehicle of detective Fogg, that in which he had so lately taken a ride.

This settled the matter. The officer was there. He had probably discovered by inquiry, that Lovelace was a guest at the hotel, and had ensconced himself cunningly there, like a spider in his web, waiting for his intended victim, and thoughtless of the fact that he had left his rear guard exposed to the eyes of his victim.

Lovelace sought the main street with boldness. The officer would likely be inside the house, and not be able to see the street unless immediately in front.

Some caution, however, was necessary. He glanced heedfully up and down the street before he stepped boldly into it. It was safe, neither enemy nor agent was in sight.

Lovelace walked the street for the next two hours with the restlessness of an unquiet spirit.

It seemed to him full time now that Tim had returned, and he waited with an increasing anxiety for his approach, not letting his eyes lose sight of the hotel for more than five minutes at a time. Occasionally he passed it by aid of the back streets, fearing to be seen if he passed in front, and resumed his wanderings in the main street on the other side of the house.

Thus two or three hours were passed, and the afternoon began to merge into the late twilight of a June day, and still the quest of the anxious and impatient man was unanswered.

Twilight was rapidly shading into darkness, an occasional light was beginning to show in the store windows, and impatience was becoming anger, when out of the numberless boys whom he had seen that afternoon, the first familiar form appeared.

It was on the other side of the hotel, but approaching and looking doubtfully around, as if in search of some one.

Lovelace was now satisfied, notwithstanding the darkness and the distance, that it was Tim, and forgetting his caution in his impatience, he walked rapidly past the house and up to the boy, whom he now fully recognized.

"What's the news, Tim?" he hastily asked, catching the lad by the shoulder and hurrying him from the dangerous locality.

"The best kind," said Tim, as soon as he could get breath after this hasty movement.

"You traced the man, then? You found where he went?"

"Yes, and better."

"What! Did you follow him further? Did you enter his den, or whatever it was?"

"Yes, and better."

"Well, you confounded parrot, is that all the speech you have learned? Did you find that they had carried her off? Did you learn anything of her?"

"Yes, and better."

"And what better? Out with it, magpie, and if you're playing with me, I'll let the air into your knowledge box."

"Then maybe I'd better not say anything more," Tim coolly answered, seating himself on a doorstep and looking up fearlessly into Lovelace's face.

"The blamed young rascal knows that I am only vaporing, and that I am as harmless as a cricket, or he wouldn't sit there laughing at me," said Lovelace, with a trace of amusement in his voice. "Come, out with it, Tim. What have you seen?"

"I have seen her—Miss Browning herself—and what's more, had a talk with her; and what's most, I'm here to tell you about it."

"Are you lying, you hound?" cried Lovelace, furiously. "If you are, it will be worse for you."

He looked dangerous as he stood there, his face colorless with anxiety and passion.

"Every word I've said is gospel," Tim quietly answered.

"Then where is she? Out with it all. What makes you so long-winded about it?"

"Locked up in a mad house," Tim answered, rising and confronting him.

Lovelace turned pale as death, and trembled as if he would have fallen.

"In a mad house?" he repeated.

"Sure as shooting. That's where I seed her. It ain't twenty minutes since I was talking to her."

"If I don't get square with them for this, then John Lovelace will go west and hide his head in a squatter camp. The infernal hell hounds! Tell me the whole story, Tim. How did you get into such a place? And what is more, how did you get out?"

Tim related the story much more briefly than we have told it, to the point at which we left him.

He continued the narrative by telling the conversation that had passed between him and the lady. She had told him the whole circumstance of her abduction, and of the character of her treatment there. She had finished by giving him messages to several of the principal people of Dover, requesting them to use every effort to procure her release from her false imprisonment.

"Did she not mention me?" asked Lovelace, anxiously.

"She did that. When I told her that you had sent me there, and was waiting to hear from me, she was just the gladdest woman you ever seed. She smiled over every inch of her face."

"Tim, you're a jewel," cried Lovelace, grasping his hand, and shaking it warmly. "How did you get out?"

"Old Joe let me out at a back gate."

"Did he look it after you?"

"I rayther guess so."

"Then there is no way to get in?"

"The best way, I think, is by the way of the law, jest as she says."

"What, and give them a chance to remove her somewhere else, out of our reach? I'll go in, Tim, like an old knight errant, and batter down the doors with an axe, if there's no easier mode."

"There's a tree in the lot back that has a limb growing over the wall," said Tim. "With a rope and something to climb on, we could go in, and come out too, if we could get through the house safe."

"That's the ticket, my lad. We will get a rope and a ladder and go for them. The keepers, you say, are mostly in the town yet. We may get her out before they return."

He started off at a hasty pace down the street, followed by Tim. So quick was his movement that he came upon a man who stood half concealed at the neighboring corner, and who attempted to draw back out of sight.

But he was not quick enough. Lovelace had recognized his enemy, detective Fogg, who was watching with apparently the intention of following him. Lovelace walked on as if he had not seen him. At the next corner, however, he took Tim by the hand and darted rapidly down a bye-street, soon hidden by the darkness from the eyes of all pursuers.

CHAPTER XXIX.

THE COWS BROUGHT IN.

There was no time to lose in the enterprise in which Lovelace and his youthful agent were engaged. Only the brief, after-supper interval, in which a portion of the attendants at the asylum had leave to visit the city, was at their command.

Despite what Tim told him of the negligence of those remaining, Lovelace had sufficient knowledge of the management of such institutions to know that there must be some one on the alert, and that the seeming negligence of the others would spring into activity on the least alarm.

He felt then that it was a risky enterprise that lay before him, and that not alone risk of failure, but possibly great danger to himself, lay in the attempt to rescue the innocent prisoner from the hands of her unscrupulous jailors.

He conjectured that this was some private asylum, and conducted in the villainous manner which he had heard of such institutions. While confining and treating the really insane it probably made this a cover to afford a prison for those unfortunates who stood in the way of interested parties.

That Mary Browning had been kidnapped and brought here, with the intention to plead insanity in case of discovery, seemed evident.

To seek to rescue her by the aid of the law would prove a slow, and perhaps an ineffectual process. Every obstacle would be thrown in their way, and the unfortunate victim might be removed out of reach, to some similar institution, while the law was taking its slow course.

Desperate, then, as his present enterprise seemed, it yet appeared to Lovelace more likely to be successful than the more regular proceeding.

It chimed in better, too, with his hasty and daring temperament. Delay would have been torture to him. He had not realized before how deeply his soul had become enwrapped by this fair maiden. At first he had felt an unwonted pleasure in her society, but he had no idea of the strength of this feeling until the story of her abduction broke suddenly upon him.

But now that he learned of the deep villainy of her kidnappers, and in what a horrible place and perilous company she was immured, the flame of indignation that burned through every fibre of his being was no mere chivalrous sentiment of sympathy with the oppressed, no warm desire even to rescue beauty and innocence from peril, but rather the fiery leap of the lover's soul to the aid of the beloved, a passionate fervor that would burn through a dozen prison walls in her behalf.

He felt and recognized at last the true nature of the feeling which had been growing by slow accretions in his soul, and rushed to her relief with all the ardor of the knight to the rescue of his wronged lady.

As for the boy, a general recklessness, trust in his luck, and lack of appreciation of the danger to be incurred, made him ready to second any movement of his employer, even if he had felt no personal interest in their enterprise.

Night had fully fallen when, having thrown their pursuer quite off the track, the two appeared at the foot of the great tree which Tim had already essayed to climb that afternoon.

A few stars were shining in the sky, but it was generally overcast, and the moon made but a faint flush of light on the thick vail that spread in dark folds across her glowing face.

In their retired position they were little likely to be observed, and they at once proceeded to operations. Lovelace bore a short, light ladder which he had purchased, while Tim carried a slender but strong rope, which he had knotted at regular intervals.

Lovelace looked at the tree and then at the wall, with a glance of amused surprise.

"What's the use of our climbing the tree, Tim, when there's the wall?" he asked. "Would it not be as well to put our ladder against the wall?"

Tim looked and scratched his head. Evidently, in his notion of climbing the tree, the other idea had not occurred to him.

"It might have done," he said, "but then the tree's just as handy. What's more, there's a hollow at the bottom of the wall, and the ladder ain't quite long enough."

"I am afraid that there was a hollow spot in your wits that time, Tim. No matter, the tree for it now. Shin up, my boy, and lay out along the limb. Peep over the wall and see if the coast's clear."

It did not take long for the active lad to perform this operation. He reported all clear, so far as eye-sight would go.

Lovelace followed him with almost equal agility, and in a few minutes both were astride of the high wall.

The rope was now firmly tied to the overhanging limb, and the two slid easily to the ground, aided by the knots which had been made in the rope.

They paused here a moment, hid from sight in the dark shadow of the wall, and with all their senses alert for the least evidence of human presence in the grounds. But all was silent, beyond a faint murmur that seemed to come from the house.

"Tim," whispered Lovelace, "do you know where old Joe found the key to the gate?"

"I seen him take it off a hook in the wall. I guess I could find the spot."

"Go for it then. Be as still as a mouse and as keen as a fox. We must have that gate unlocked before we make any further movement. We may have to run for it at the last minute, and it won't do to be caught with a locked gate, like a parcel of rats in a trap."

"All right," said Tim, "I'll fetch it."

He was moving off cautiously through the grounds when Lovelace recalled him, in a low voice.

"Are you sure that your friend locked the gate after you?" he asked.

"I'll soon see," said Tim, turning in his course and proceeding down the line of the wall. He was followed by Lovelace, who was struck with the importance of knowing the exact direction of approach to the gate from within.

It was about twenty paces distant, and they soon reached it. Tim at once felt the lock—a small padlock thrust through a staple.

"It's unlocked, sure enough!" he exclaimed, in a low, glad voice.

"That's hearty," said Lovelace. "I thought the old fellow might have got the cows in his head and forgot to lock it. Shut the lock so that it will look all square, and let us make sail for the house."

Their progress through the grounds was made with exceeding caution. No person was encountered, however, and they reached the rear door in safety.

"Shall we get old Joe to help us?" asked Tim, in a whisper.

"No. He will hinder more than help. His room may serve as a refuge in case of danger, but he would be likely to act the fool and betray us. Show me her door, and I'll engage to open it if it is any sort of a lock."

The passage proved to be empty. Sounds of loud laughter came from some room toward the northern extremity of the building. The keepers seemed to be enjoying themselves, and leaving their charge to take care of itself while the fun went on.

From some of the doors which they glided quickly past, other and more startling sounds came. Groans as of pain, hoarse voices speaking unintelligible sentences, wild bursts of laughter, and snarling sounds as from some chained wild beast.

Little caution to avoid noise was needed. Their footsteps were drowned in these sounds. It seemed as if nightfall had roused all the maniacs into insane violence. In each room rehearsal of some special form of madness seemed proceeding.

The intruders were singularly fortunate. They reached the third floor without seeing or hearing any of the keepers or other officers of the asylum.

Tim at once proceeded to the room at whose door he had already held an interview with the prisoner.

A light was burning at each end of the passage, faintly illuminating the spot on which they stood. Tim, without a moment's pause, pushed back the wicket, and sought to look into the dark cell. Nothing could be seen within, but a voice, whose accents thrilled like a pulse of fire through the listener's veins, spoke in a low tone.

"Have you seen him?" it eagerly asked. "Will he try to aid me, to get me out of this dreadful place?"

Her voice was full of pain, in which a faint hope mingled.

"He is here," the lover ardently whispered, pushing the boy from the opening. "He is here to bear you from their hands, or perish in the effort."

"Thank God!" she earnestly exclaimed. "Now I know I know that I am safe. Oh, if you knew how I have suffered!"

"They shall atone for every pang they have given you," he fiercely replied. "I will exact vengeance to the full for this vilest of all deeds."

"Hist!" whispered Tim. "A footstep!"

Lovelace at once crouched down and listened intently. It seemed a false alarm. No such sound was heard.

"Your ears are too keen, boy," he said, in a vexed tone.

"Maybe it's your tongue," replied Tim, defiantly. "I heard nothing, except a sign of a long talk from you, when we ain't got a minute to waste."

"You have more sense than I have," Lovelace replied. "Be patient, Miss Browning. I must try this look."

There was a faint clash of metal as the speaker drew from his pocket a bunch of skeleton keys.

He inserted them one by one into the key-hole of the door, and skillfully tried the lock. It failed to yield to his efforts until he had tried nearly all his keys. Then, with a slight click, that was the very essence of music to their ears, the bolt shot back, and the first bar between the prisoner and freedom no longer existed.

Pausing an instant to quiet the quick throb, which the sound had sent thrilling through him, he opened the door. With a quick step, as if in flight from some dreaded spectre in the room, the captive hurried forward, a look of such warm gratitude upon her face that he could scarce restrain himself from clasping her in his arms and printing kisses upon her lips.

While some hasty words, and a warm hand-clasp passed between them, Tim closed and re-locked the door, and slid back the wicket into its place, securing the key in his pocket.

"Come on now," he said, in the whisper which they had mostly used. "There's no time for fooling."

Swiftly and silently as a young leopard he sprang forward, followed more slowly by the others, Lovelace still holding the trembling hand of the maiden, and gazing into her face, now pale, now suffused, as varying emotions left their mark upon it.

They reached in safety the second floor. But now steps could be heard plainly ascending the lower flight of steps. They stood looking at each other in alarm, the maiden trembling as if she would fall.

"In here," said Tim, opening a door near them.

They slipped in behind him without a thought other than of escape.

Before them stood a mild-faced old man, just visible in the faint light that came through the partly open door. He was looking at them without a particle of surprise or alarm.

"Have the cows come home?" he asked Tim, quietly.

"Hist!" whispered Tim. "The Mogul is out."

The old man crouched back, with a look of fear upon his face, while the boy softly closed the door.

The footsteps approached, moved steadily past, and were heard ascending the next flight of stairs.

"Keep dark, old Joe," said Tim, cautiously. "We're going after the cows. Beware the Mogul."

"Sound boy, Toby," was the old man's reply.

In two minutes more they were out of the building, in the soft gloom of the night, lit by the gleam of a few bright stars, that seemed to them glowing harbingers of freedom.

They had encountered no one. The only startling indication was the cessation of the laughter they had heard before.

Swiftly but silently they sped through the grounds towards the gate, Lovelace tenderly clasping her hands as he led her on.

The gate was reached in safety. He grasped the lock to remove the last barrier between them and liberty.

It would not open! He tugged, jerked at it. In vain. It resisted his efforts. It had been locked in their absence!

He turned with a face of deathly pallor to look at Tim. The boy was just visible, gliding away in the darkness, along the wall.

At the same instant four or five dark forms emerged from behind trees and bushes, surrounding them all but the boy, who had disappeared. A mocking laugh told Lovelace of the trap in which he had been caught.

CHAPTER XXX.

TIM'S LEGACY AND LEG-BAIL.

It was decidedly a startling situation in which the fugitives found themselves. Confronted by a semicircle of burly-looking keepers, escape by the gate cut off, the lady trembling so as to render her incapable of movement, Lovelace looked with alarm at the threatening assailants, perceiving, as he did, the uselessness of resistance.

Tim, at least, had disappeared. The boy had shown himself unexpectedly acute, and might devise some means of aiding them in their extremity. At all events he could bear the tidings of their imprisonment to Dover, and set in train some effort for their release.

This thought passed through his mind as the assailants closed upon him, and as he felt that imprisonment was the least he could expect from so unscrupulous a crew.

"Do not tremble so," he said, in a low tone, passing his arm round the waist of his charge. "They dare not injure you. I will protect you to the death."

"But you?" she answered, in a piteous voice. "I do not fear for myself. Oh, can you not fly? Do not fall into the hands of these wretches!"

"What, and leave you alone. Not for worlds! I have faced wolves before. But you, poor child, this is a horrible position for you."

As they spoke the keepers had been slowly closing in, not too anxious to come to quarters with a desperate man.

Now one of them gave a quick spring forward. He was met by the fist of the athletic young man in a quick, fierce blow, that stretched him prostrate on the earth.

The lady gave a cry of fear, and threw her arms around his in such a way as to hamper his movements. A tall, stout fellow among the assailants took instant advantage of his helplessness, leaping behind him and grasping him firmly by the wrists.

The struggle that ensued was short but severe. One of the ruffians seized the lady, with no gentle grasp, and forced her away from her defender. Lovelace, with a desperate exertion of muscular force, tore one wrist loose from the hold of his assailant. The others flung themselves upon him, and for a few moments there was a terrible commotion.

It seemed as if Lovelace would escape from their united strength, so fiercely did he struggle, displaying a muscular force that his slender frame seemed incapable of.

Not a word did he utter. He fought on with a desperate, hopeless energy that severely tried the combined strength of his circle of assailants. Miss Browning looked on helplessly, piteously, but silent, feeling that it was a struggle against hope.

Overborne by sheer force of numbers, he was hurled to the ground, and his arms tied behind him in a cutting bond that rendered him helpless.

A man had approached during the last minute, bearing a lantern. The glare of the light revealed a striking spectacle.

Lovelace, who had been lifted to his feet, stood tightly held by his captors, his clothes torn, his hat lost, and the hair tossed wildly over his forehead. His face was deathly pallid, he breathed heavily and with effort, but the fierce glare in his eye, the curl of his lip, showed an unsubdued spirit.

At a short distance stood Miss Browning, the ruffian had released her, and she stood, pallid, trembling, her eyes wild with dread, bent upon his form, or turned in piteous appeal to his captors, whose faces were full of brutal triumph at their success, or of anger for injuries received in the struggle.

"Come," said the tall man who had been the principal agent in the capture, and who was no other than the one known as Jake, "this is about played out. We'll try and find quarters for you, my friend, where you won't have a chance to raise rows in a quiet house, or run off with our lady patients. Bill, you can show Miss Browning back to her room."

"Oh, sirs!" she said, advancing with clasped hands, and tearful eyes, "you will not injure him? He but sought to release me from prison. It is no crime, surely. He was my friend, and sought to aid me. You will not harm him?"

"No, Miss; we'll be regular lambs," said Jake. "Don't be afeared. We are not going to hurt him."

Lovelace turned, for the first time since his capture, towards her.

"Do not appeal on my account to the villains," he said. "The whole crew are not worth one tear from your eyes, one word from your lips. Let them do their worst. My turn will come. The day of reckoning is not far."

"There's enough of this," said Jake, roughly. "Take the gal back to her room, Bill. This gay young sport, boys, you can put in No. 7. That's good quarters for him. Lead ahead, now, some of the other crazy ones may be raising a row."

With a disdainful expression, Lovelace stepped proudly off in the grasp of his captors. Miss Browning was led off in another direction. She had the deepest dread of these men, and feared that they meant her friend some deadly harm. Her heart throbbed wildly with pain and anguish, as she looked to where the dancing light of the lantern lit up the leaves with a strange lurid gleam, and shone on the pale, proud face of the man to whom her whole soul went out with a feeling which she had never before acknowledged to herself.

Had the two men who led their silent captive towards the house but looked back they would have seen, in the lantern's gleam, a short, slender form moving noiselessly in their path, flitting from tree to tree, now approaching, now holding back, but ever keeping within a short distance of the prisoner.

The enclosure was not large, and a few steps brought them close to the house, round which they moved toward the front door.

"It's all right now," said Jake, as they turned the corner of the edifice, bringing the front door in sight. "This way with the lantern. I want to look up that boy that ran off. He must be somewhere in the grounds."

The lantern-bearer turned sharply and went back, passing their slender follower—who was half hidden behind a rose bush. But the lad doubled himself into a ball and no eye fell upon him, no ear heard the flutter of a breath or the rustle of a leaf.

In a moment they were gone, and the others moved forward in the darkness toward the door.

Tim, for it was he, now pressed boldly up, unseen and unheard by the keepers, so noiseless was his tread. As one of them released Lovelace and stepped forward to open the closed door, the prisoner felt a slight tug at his pocket on that side, and a swag down of his coat, as if a weight had been attached to the skirt. A hand touched his in the darkness, and it was only by a strong effort of self-control that he resisted the impulse to look back over his shoulder.

That it was Tim he felt assured, and a new hope rose within him as he recognized the boldness and caution of the boy. What had been placed in his pocket he could not conjecture.

Tim waited, crouched down by the wall of the building, till the door opened and the two guards with their captive disappeared within.

He then stole silently back across the grassy enclosure, looking keenly before him for the gleam of the lantern that marked the position of his pursuers.

He saw it now, slowly making the circuit of the walls, and at no great distance from the spot where his rope still dangled from the limb of a tree.

There was not a moment to lose. The men had stopped to look round them. With the spring of a young leopard Tim shot over the intervening space, and in an instant more had the end of the rope in his hand.

His training in agile movements now stood him in good stead. No cat ever went up a tree more nimbly than Tim up his knotted rope. Hand over hand, scarcely using his feet, in a moment he was crouched upon the limb and was drawing the rope up after him.

But this hasty movement had not been unattended with noise. Swift and silent as was the lad's progress, the ears of his pursuers had caught the slight sounds he could not avoid making. Only their short pause to trace the direction of these sounds gave him the opportunity to gain the limb undiscovered.

"Down this way, Jake; it came from here!" cried the man with the lantern, running along the wall.

Jake hastily followed. Tim looked down upon them with a mocking face as they paused directly beneath him, and swung the lantern round as they looked sharply in all directions through the trees and bushes.

"There's nothing here," said Jake, in a disappointed tone. "I could have sworn that I heard steps. The young hound, whoever he is, has got the best of us in the dark."

"He might have run in this way and down the wall," said the other. "Let us follow up close. We may run him down."

"All right," said Jake, nimbly following the light-bearer, and looking keenly to right and left as he ran.

Tim lifted his head from the limb, placed the end of his thumb to his nose, and made some odd gyrations with his fingers, strongly expressive of contempt.

Hastily untying the rope from the limb he wound it around him and drew himself back along the horizontal branch towards the trunk.

The ladder yet stood where they had left it. In a minute more he stood on the ground outside. Picking up the ladder he carried it across the field, and the street beyond into the next field.

Here ran a ditch fringed thickly with bushes. Among these latter he carefully hid the rope and the ladder at a point where they would not be very likely to be discovered.

"I mought want to use them agin," he said. "The devils inside aint found out my track, and I'll bet they won't easy step into it."

CHAPTER XXXI.

SEDLEY TAKES A HAND IN THE GAME.

Joe Sedley had business in Dover. Leaving his substitute in charge of the Melton office he repaired thither. He had another object in view besides the bare matter of business. This was to learn if any tidings of Lovelace had reached Dover, and in what light he was viewed by the good people of that town.

We have mentioned in a preceding chapter that he set to rest the suspicions pointing to his friend as the abductor, by proving an alibi in regard to Lovelace, showing that the latter was in his company at Melton very shortly after the hour of the abduction.

He learned that he had not been seen in Dover since, and that the witness of the abduction, the boy Tim Sparks, had been missing since the morning of the previous day, and had not been seen since.

It was conjectured that the villains who were so dangerously at work, had put him out of the way in some manner, perhaps by murder, to remove his evidence. The public excitement was intensified by this new suspicion, and there were serious thoughts of again dragging the creek, under the dread that he had been disposed of as the previously murdered man had been.

His business ended Sedley had an hour or two idle time on hand, which he disposed of by strolling about the town, chatting with an acquaintance or two, and finally dropping into the telegraph office.

He was known to the new operator, having introduced himself to him on a former occasion. They had a chat on business affairs, comparing notes concerning their two offices, and verging off into outside topics.

Their talk was broken into by the arrival of the morning train. The operator had hardly resented himself in his office when the clicking instrument announced the signal for a message directed to him.

As he stepped over to take it down, Sedley's ear naturally caught the first words of the message. It was directed to Mr. Harvey Benton.

The Melton operator listened more intently. There followed a medley of letters making no sense to his ear. It was evidently a second message to Benton in the secret cypher.

"Well, it's fearful work taking that off the wires," said the operator, as he succeeded, with much care, in getting the message correctly. "Why can't they use plain English, instead of such outlandish gibberish as this?"

"It looks as if somebody had secrets which they were afraid to trust to operators," said Sedley, looking curiously at the copy of the message which the other had made.

"Secrets? Yes, secrets about the price of wool, or the selling quotation of Erie; matters of no more importance to penniless fellows like us than if they telegraphed the price of Thanksgiving turkeys."

"Mighty little account, indeed," said Sedley, laughing. "That's a perfect alphabetic medley. If there's sense in it there's none in me."

He took it up as he spoke, noticing that it was signed as the former one had been, by the four letters which they had translated as Jake. An intense desire to learn the meaning of this message possessed him.

"Excuse me a moment," said the agent, "I do not know just where my boy is. I must look him up and have this taken over to Vinedell."

"To Vinedell?" said Sedley. "Yes, I see. To Mr. Harvey Benton."

"That's the man," was the reply.

"Then I may save you trouble. I have an errand there, and will willingly take your message over."

"Oh, no. That would be imposing on your politeness. Besides it is important to have this go at once, which might not be convenient to you."

"It would suit me to a T," said Sedley. "I am going there at once. I was intending to start as soon as we had our chat out."

"In that case I will avail myself of your offer, as I don't know just where to look for the boy."

The speaker enclosed the slip of paper in an envelope, which, out of courtesy to his new messenger, he left unsealed.

After a few parting words Sedley left the office, his heart throbbing from the constraint to which he had put himself for the last few minutes.

That he possessed some important secret he felt sure. What it was he could not conjecture. It might have some connection with the abduction. It might even have some reference to the murder. It was possibly fraught with important consequences to his friend Lovelace. He was fully determined to arrive at a knowledge of its contents before delivering it. Who could tell how far these might aid in clearing up the mystery.

Leaving the main road, after passing the limits of the town, he sought the border of the creek at a secluded spot. Here, unseen by any one, he took the enclosure from his pocket, removed the message from the envelope, and spread it before him. The mysterious document ran as follows, after the directions:

Hxoboe lonajhbw crash c mcp eplo fswxcuo nsh apha bxo ibaf avopol bxo ixaigope vop epl ikh rab fah kh qo emojh ah skh jsigol hxo neho epl hbevvol hxom hxo faw ejal fkh hxo vkjjoh se icnol cuchp epl hxo mcp 'labha pcmo jnnojcis vo xcuo xam ap jamfs qxcho ha fo lspo qahx xam hxo hxapu jsege fjko. dego.

"Well, it's lucky I had Jack Lovelace to work the other one out," said Sedley, after glancing curiously over this, "or I would have to sell out, and give in beat. Let me see, how did the key run? C for A, and every third letter for every succeeding letter of the alphabet."

He took an old envelope from his pocket and formed on it the letters of the alphabet, arranging the letters of the key under them.

With this aid he found no difficulty in turning the cypher into English, though even then, at first sight, the message appeared as much a cypher to him as ever. It ran thus:

"There's devilry afoot. A man and a boy have got into the crib, opened the chicken's pen, and out for it. But we smelt it out, locked the gate, and trapped them. The boy slid, but the pullet is caged again, and the man ditto. His name Lovelace. We have him in limbo. What's to be done with him? The thing looks blue. JAKE"

"Decidedly blue, I think," said Sedley, scratching his head uncomfortably. "It looks as if Jack had turned chicken thief and got nabbed. But Miss Browning was the pullet before, and I judge is again. So Jack broke into their crib, got the girl as far as the gate and got caged. They have him under lock and key and wait for orders what to do with him. So far, so good. The boy of course is Tim Sparks. He escaped. He knows where this mysterious crib is. I must go for Tim. But now to deliver my message to the head-devil in the whole affair, get his orders, and telegraph them back to the second-rate imps."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

HOW IDAHO GOT ITS NAME.

The late Dr. George E. Willing was the first delegate to Congress from the young mining community. At the time when the subject of the organization of the new territory was under debate, he was, as a matter of course, on the floor of the House of Representatives. Various names had been proposed without any seeming approach to agreement, and the doctor, whose familiarity with the Indian dialects was pretty well known, was appealed to by some of his legislative friends for a suggestion. One of them said: "Something round and smooth now." Now it happened that the little daughter of one of these gentlemen was on the floor that morning, and the doctor, who was fond of children, had just been calling her to him with, "Ida, ho, come and see me."

Nothing could be better, and the veteran explorer promptly responded with the name "Idaho."

"But what does it mean?"

"Gem of the mountains," replied the quick-witted doctor, with a glance at the fresh face beside him, and the interpretation, like the name, "stuck" to this day. Dr. Willing told about it at the time, or soon afterward, with a most gleeful appreciation of the humor of the thing, and I have often since heard him rehearse the story.

Of all the loves on earth most like the divine love is that of the good mother—so unselfish, unforgetting, watchful, considerate, free from all jealousy, and desiring the good of her children far more than her own happiness.

NEW YORK STATIONERY PACKAGE AND JEWELRY CASKET,

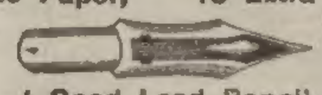
"Excelsior," Price 25 Cents,

Contains the Finest Articles, and is the Most Valuable Package of its Kind in the World!

VIZ:

15 Sheets Extra Fine Note Paper, 15 Extra Assorted Envelopes,

1 Morse's Patent Novelty Cold Fountain Pen,



Made of Pure Oroide Gold and will hold Ink enough, with one dipping, to write Three full pages. Runs as smooth as a quill on any paper.

1 Good Pen Holder, 1 Good Lead Pencil, 1 Blotting Pad.

EACH PACKAGE CONTAINS A VALUABLE CERTIFICATE.

NOTICE.—This Envelope contains more Stationery than any other Variety Package and is the only Genuine Package made up. Every Package also contains One or Two of the following

VALUABLE PIECES OF JEWELRY:

Ladies' and Gents' Finger Rings, Fine Silver Watches, Watch Chains, Ladies' Neck Chains and Lockets, Guard Attachments, Ladies' Bracelets, Ladies' Belt Pins, Gents' Bosom Pins, Ladies' Breast Pins, Gents' Scarf Pins, Ladies' and Gents' Sleeve Buttons, Silver Plated Butter Knives, Variety Ladies' Sets, Cameo, Lava, Florentine, etc., Variety Ladies' Ear Drops, Heart and Cross Charms.

It also contains a **TRAVELER'S INK PAD RECIPE**, with which Ink can be produced at any time. A square inch of this paper torn off and covered with a little water, will produce Ink in a moment.

Everybody is SURE to get Full Value for TWENTY-FIVE CENTS, and the LUCKIEST get Ten and Twenty or More times the Value of Their Money.

Also the following VALUABLE RECEIPTS—Johnson's Superior Washing Compound, or Cold Water Soap—This Recipe has been sold over the country at $1.00 for each family right; It is now presented to each purchaser of the NEW YORK STATIONERY PACKAGE; wonders have been done with it. Graham's Onguent for forcing Whiskers and Moustaches to Grow. Premium Artificial Honey—This Recipe has been sold for $5.00. Ladies' Companion to make the Complexion Fair. Cider Artificial, or Cider Without Apples. Premium Cough Syrup—Recipe sold for $1.00. Waterproof Composition for Boots and Shoes. Liniment for Galled Back of Horses. Certain Cure for Eruptions, Pimples, etc. Secret Art of Catching Fish. Liquid Blueing—Best in use. Spaulding's Prepared Glue. Circassian Cream—To take stains out of Linen. Sighs of Love. Diamond Furniture Polish. Sympathetic or Secret Ink. McConnell's Razor Paste—To make Hard Soap from Soft. Vinegar—Best in use. Indelible Ink. Remedy for Strains in Horses. To Prevent Boots. Premium Eye Water. Ink, Blue—The Best. Cure for Corns. Ink—Quart for a Dime. Basilicon Ointment. To Prevent Smoke from a Lamp. Certain Cure for Drunkenness. Pain-Killer—The Best. Sure Shot Rat Poison. Liquid Blacking. Hunter's Secrets. How to make your Hair Curl. Brandreth's Pills. Brown's Bronchial Troches. Recipe for Silver Wash. Oil of Roses for the Hair. Celebrated Russian Salve. Godfrey's Cordial. Balm of Gilead. Dr. Wistar's Celebrated Remedy for Asthma, Coughs, Consumption, Hysterics, etc. To Prevent the Hair from Falling Out. Whooping Cough. To Fatten Pigs very Fat. To Fatten Poultry quick. Cure for a Burn or Scald. To Clean the Teeth. To Preserve Grain from Vermin. To Remove Freckles. To bring Horses out of a Stable on Fire. A Certain Cure for Piles. Cure for Cancer. Artificial Oysters. To Prevent Horses and other Animals being Teased by Flies. FACTS AND FIGURES ABOUT THE WORLD WE LIVE IN. AGENTS WANTED EVERYWHERE to whom we offer the most Liberal Inducements.

R. H. LONDON, 21 East Houston St., New York.

Complete Sample Package, with Elegant Prize, postpaid, 25 Cents; 5 Packages by Mail, postpaid, $1.00; 12 Packages, by Mail, postpaid, $2.00. A Valuable Certificate in each Package.

4 Dozen by Express, $6.00; 7 Dozen by Express, $10.00; 12 Dozen by Express, $16.00. Refer to the Publishers of this paper.

WOMAN'S WORK IN EUROPE.

BY EMMA MARWEDEL.

The question of woman's work is just now receiving such marked attention in in this country, that it may interest readers to know something of the true position of the sex in Europe, especially as such wide-spread misapprehension exists among Americans on the subject. At the time of the war between Austria and Prussia, in 1866, when the price of living had reached an enormous rate, Mrs. Lena Morgenstern, together with several other prominent ladies of Berlin, established a kind of restaurant where meals could be had at the retail cost of the materials alone. These so-called *volks' kinchen*, (peoples' kitchens), of which there are now more than a dozen in Berlin, have been, from the first, self supporting, the small profits arising here and there being used for the purpose of starting additional kitchens. In the year 1873, these women, having gained great experience and practical knowledge, undertook to solve the question of how to prevent the arbitrary increase in the price of living, and with this object, formed what is known as a Housekeeper's Association, having for its work the reducing of the prices, promoting plainer and more economical ways of living, as well as improving the condition of servants and encouraging more practical and professional education of their own children.

In 1874 the association consisted of two hundred and fifty members, and was an incorporated body. Monthly and semi-monthly meetings sufficed to bring the necessary business before the association, which had soon so increased that the general meetings were held in the city hall, by courtesy of the common council.

On the second of June, 1874, the association numbered eight hundred families and reported $4,070 cash on hand.

In July, a central store—where provisions are retailed to members at wholesale prices, with a slight increase, simply to cover the rent and clerk-hire—was opened, and two clerks engaged.

In September, the union of the association in several other cities was considered, and it was decided that the president of each branch association should be entitled to purchase for his association, on becoming a member by the payment of the usual fee. This greatly extended the field of their operations.

In October, the association met for the last time in the city hall, that place having become too small for their increasing numbers.

The business of the store had so augmented that it was found necessary to engage two more clerks, a bookkeeper, a cashier, and a messenger. When at the third meeting, in the early part of winter, it had been decided to establish an intelligence office, it was scarcely with the anticipation that it would so soon resolve itself into the immense proportions it soon afterwards assumed, and in August it became imperative to increase the hired force there also, and in addition, to solicit voluntary assistance, Miss Morgenstern and several ladies giving a few hours daily to it.

So many dealers having joined the association, it was deemed expedient to open a bazaar in time for the Christmas holidays. This was accordingly done, and in order to save the risk of loss to the association, Mr. Morgenstern volunteered to take all risk upon himself. The affair, however, proved a triumphant success. The Empress and the whole court attended its sessions, which continued from November 15th, until after Christmas.

At this time the membership numbered two thousand families, and the cash on hand amounted to $39,500 44. To-day the association has reached the enormous figure of six thousand families. The intelligence office, in the short space of eight months, had received applications from 4,063 women seeking service, and 3,863—each of whom had paid the comparatively trifling fee of twenty-five cents—had been supplied with places.

But the movement involving probably the greatest responsibility, was the establishment of a paper by the association, in the first four weeks of its existence, the increasing membership rendering it impossible to answer letters and questions by correspondence. The president, Mrs. Morgenstern, together with Mrs. Pelser, proprietor of the publishing house of Pelser, Mrs. Gubitz, and Mrs. Rosenthal, then carrying on a job printing office, offered to start the enterprise, the association pledging itself to pay $100 per annum for official advertising. This publication not only forms the connecting link between all the co-operative associations scattered through Germany, but it is also an educational organ of the highest order, the president, Mrs. Morgenstern, contributing weekly editorials on all subjects cognate to woman's peculiar province—as the complete management of infants, the proper arrangement of all the details connected with the home, etc.—and many of the highest order of intellect furnishing instructive and encouraging articles on her education and elevation, and papers containing valuable recipes, chemical analyses of food, and other branches of scientific knowledge.

The whole undertaking is the extensive work of women, and has demonstrated practically that co-operation is the only basis on which to build with any hope of a permanency.

I offer these few points in the work of the German women, hoping that the suggestions they embody may be of practical value to a like undertaking but just beginning in Washington, and because, having the welfare of my adopted country so greatly at heart, I earnestly desire to add what may be of assistance in the solving of this vexed question of "How to Live."

AGRICULTURAL.

THE respiration and fermentation of plants have recently been studied by Boehm, who finds that less oxygen is used in the respiration of water plants than of land plants in air. Land water plants absorb free hydrogen, while land plants do not.

NO GRASSHOPPERS NEXT SEASON.—Professor Riley, the entomologist, after investigating the matter carefully, predicts that the grasshoppers will do little or no damage next season. He finds no eggs in the territory where they have been so plenty before. He thinks that the people of those regions will certainly not suffer in any general way from locust injuries in the early seasons; and the only way in which they can suffer from the migrating pest is by fresh swarms later in the year, from the far Northwest, the odds being, however, from a number of reasons which it is unnecessary to enumerate here, very great against any such contingency.

MEASURING EGGS IN FRANCE.—In France eggs are not sold as they are here, so much for a dozen, whether big or little, those of the large Brahma or Creve Coeur counting the same as the little Bantams or Bantams. The eggs brought to market are verified by agents appointed by the administration, who are called "mireurs compteurs," and the eggs are submitted to three operations—first, counting to verify the number of eggs in the panniers; passing them through rings to test their size and value, and final inspection to separate the clean and fresh eggs from those stale or addled. Small eggs in the markets of Paris are those which will pass through a ring of four centimetres. Hence, French egg merchants have rings of different sizes to try the eggs.

A GOOD reputation in business affairs is of the first importance to any farmer, and especially to a young farmer. A reputation for being a grower of first class fruit is worth as much, yea more, than the crop itself, if such a comparison is permissible. A farmer noted for growing fine fruit and for putting up nothing but fine fruit for the market is always in market at highest rates. Indeed, the market seeks him and pays him a bounty for his care and honesty. A good reputation is a good thing. A farmer who grows fine wool and cleanses it in the most thorough manner, and offers nothing but fine wool, is known among all manufacturers through their agents, and his product is worth a premium. His reputation makes him a market at his door.—*Detroit Tribune.*

BEFORE the National Butter and Eggs Association, at Davenport, statistics were presented showing that the butter, eggs and cheese interest exceed any other product in value and importance. It was estimated that the people of the United States consumed annually 1,040,000,000 pounds of butter for table use alone, and for culinary purposes probably a third more, making a total for home consumption of 1,387,000,000 pounds. Besides this amount, there is an average export of 15,000,000 pounds, making an annual product credited to the United States of 1,402,000,000 pounds, which is valued at $120,600,000. It is stated by a gentleman of acknowledged authority in dairy matters, that this product consumes the milk of 54 per cent. of the milch cows in the United States, which is estimated at 13,000,000.

MOST varieties of seeds may be sown in the open border as soon as the ground is in good order—say from the first of April to the first of June. The soil should be well pulverized before planting. Most varieties are much benefited by transplanting. These should be sown in cold frames or nursery beds, where special care can be given them, and when about three to five inches high transplanted to their blooming quarters. By these means the garden may be filled with early flowers long before those sown in the open border. Other annuals, such as poppies, larkspurs, mignonettes, eschscholtzia, etc., should be sown in the place where they are intended to bloom. The seeds, such as portulaca, petunia, lobelia, etc., should always be sown on the surface of the soil and merely pressed in, and then watered with a fine hose. Care should, however, be taken not to let the soil get dry, or the seeds germinating will be dried up and perish before the roots have acquired sufficient strength to penetrate the soil to where it is moist. This rule may be applied to all seeds. The larger seeds should be covered from one-eighth to one-fourth of an inch. Many of the annuals, such as mignonettes, pansies, lobelia, browallia, stocks, petunias, etc., if sown in summer or fall, are very attractive for winter decoration in greenhouses and conservatories. For this purpose seeds may be sown in pots. A mixture of loam, leaf mold, and sand is most desirable, although a cold frame, in a shady place, is preferable. When the seeds are up, air and light should be more freely admitted until they are hardy enough to stand the sun. When large enough transplant into small pots, and into large pots when necessary. Place them near the glass and admit air freely when the weather allows.

IT IS WITH PLEASURE THAT I ADD MY TESTIMONY to the excellence of Dr. Jayne's Expectorant. I have used it in my family for several years, and can truly say that I know of no medicine equal to it for checking and curing the frequent Coughs and Colds to which children are subject at all seasons of the year. I have also realized great benefit from it myself, and have recommended it to others, who almost invariably have learned to value it. I always prescribed it to the students under our care when necessary, and the teachers willingly add their testimony to mine in praise of this medicine.—*J. S. Edwards, Principal of Providence Conference Seminary, East Greenwood, R. I.*

FACETIÆ.

Lucy (to her elder sister, who has just been relating a thrilling episode in the life of William Tell)—"And was the little boy allowed to eat the apple afterwards?"

"Do they ring two bells for school?" asked a gentleman of his ten-year-old daughter, who attends "a select institution for young ladies."

"No, papa," she replied, "they ring one bell twice."

A Chicago doctor says that superstition often kills people who are otherwise fitted for a long life. That may be so, but what is a fellow to do when his grandmother's ghost pokes him in the ribs at midnight and whispers: "Refund that money—your hour has arrove!"

"When," he said violently, "when are you going to pay me that little bill? I've dunned you till I'm tired and mad. Now, I want a positive answer—when will you pay it?"

"By Jove!" was the reply, "you must take me for a prophet. How can I tell?"

"Ain't it pretty?" said Mrs. R., holding up her new bonnet. "There's some charming ideas in that, I can tell you."

"Glad of it," said John. "It's just as well to have ideas somewhere about your head, you know," and he paused to catch a hair brush on the fly.

Spring Rights.—Every ditch and gutter and low spot in Detroit was yesterday full of mud and water, and the zephyrs whistled merry tunes set to the air of "Gentle Spring." A dozen school-boys were wading in the mud-mortar up to their boot-tops on Grand River avenue at noon, and when a man came along and called out:

"Get out of that mud! Don't you know better than to be wading there!"

The crowd looked up, and the biggest boy replied:

"Guess we have a right to wade in here. Hain't Spring come?"—*Detroit Free Press.*

How to Become a Lawyer.—A day or two ago, when a young man entered a Detroit lawyer's office to study law, the practitioner sat down beside him and said:

"Now, see here, I have no time to fool away, and if you don't pan out well I won't keep you here thirty days. Do you want to make a good lawyer?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, now, listen. Be polite to old people, because they have cash. Be good to the boys, because they are growing up to a cash basis. Work in with reporters and get puffs. Go to church for the sake of example. Don't feel any time away on poetry, and don't even look at a girl until you can plead a case. If you can follow these instructions you will succeed. If you cannot, go and le rn to be a doctor and kill your best friends."—*Detroit Free Press.*

Under the Stars.—They were going home at about eleven o'clock from a week day evening meeting of the Church (colored). He was reticent, his sable countenance exhibiting rigidity of lines which should mark the stereer sex, but she was talkative, and her conversation showed her interest in those three topics dear to the hearts of femininity all around the world—religion, other woman's dress, matrimony. The heavy trample, trample of his number eleven army shoes on the Eleventh street sidewalk kept time to the music of her voice as she prattled feelingly:

"Oh, Augustus Cæsar, 'pears like I nebber did seem to so enjoy religion as I did this ebenin'. How de preacher did jist spread out de gospel ober us, like lasses on cake, for shuah! In my min's eye, Augustus Cæsar, I sed jes' see de little green angels wid blue wings a fairly wobblin' on dere golden chairs fur happy! War not it splendiferous?"

"Yis, Mariar, it war splendiferous."

There followed the spat spat of four heavy feet upon the pavement for a few moments and then the conversation was resumed:

"An' oh, Augustus Cæsar, did yer see dat lowdown, ornery sculled female, Hester Ann Lee, wid her flammin' ribbons, and stuck up airs, an' pull back an' big moof? 'Pears like she tho't she was some! If dere's anything I do 'spise, it's a low-down passon puttin' on airs! She ain't nobody, she ain't in 'ciety, she ain't no Home Circle, ar she, fur a fack?"

"No, Mariar, she ain't no Home Circle, fur a fack."

The splash splash of four feet ensued, as a wet crossing was reached and passed, and once again the thread of speech was taken up. This time the tones were tender:

"Augustus Cæsar, as de preacher done tole us seberal times ter night, life am fleetin' at de best. It's mos' spring now, Augustus, an' de season of white washin' am at hand. Augustus, won't yer jest bump an' frow yerself so's we can git married come next September, shuah? Will yer do it?"

And Augustus answered as he squeezed her hand:

"Mariar, I'll bumpan' frow myself for shuah."

MONEY ONE HUNDRED YEARS AGO.

Mr. Elliot C. Cowden, of New York, lectured in Boston upon "Currency and its Relation to Business." He said two hundred years ago students at Harvard College paid their tuition with live stock and provisions. The currency of the Pilgrims was the first issue of paper money in this country. During the war of Queen Anne a paper currency was established, known as Queen Anne's war currency, which soon became worthless. In 1755 Virginia issued a paper currency, previous to which the clergy were paid in tobacco. In 1715 John Coleman established a bank in Massachusetts, with land for capital, and began the issue of loans. Other Colonies followed, and the amount of loans by the Colonies finally reached to millions, which the mother country paid off at reduced rates to save the credit of the Colonies. In 1775 Congress issued paper currency to the amount of $300 000, to be redeemed in coin in three years. The Colonies or States also issued paper money, and soon the whole volume of State and National currency amounted to $12,000,000. This money was taken without much question at first, and those who refused it were stigmatized as unpatriotic; but in the following year it began to decline, and in 1780 it was worth almost nothing. A barber-shop in Philadelphia was plastered all over with Continental money, the dogs were tarred, stuck over with the same shinplaster, and let out to run the streets for the public amusement. To Robert Morris is due the salvation of the Revolutionary army. He lent his private fortune and credit to the Government, and when all his money was gone and his credit had been liberally used, Washington said he must raise more money to carry out a war measure, the perfection of which only waited for the money. Morris therefore issued his own notes for $1,400,000, Washington gained the battle of Yorktown and Cornwallis surrendered. Every one of these Morris notes was subsequently redeemed. In 1782 the Bank of North America was established at Philadelphia, with a capital of $400,000. This was the first bank of the National Government. The date of the first silver coinage was 1794, and of the first gold coinage 1794.

AN ELEPHANTINE ARCH.

Among the honors paid to the Prince of Wales, during his visit to India, was an arch prepared for his reception in Colombo, Ceylon. The novel arch was formed in this manner:

Two elephants were placed opposite each other, at such a distance apart that their trunks being raised in the form of an arch the extremities met and seemed to be fastened together. Over the point of junction, a rod was raised, on which a crown was suspended. On the sides of the huge animals banners were arranged, on which were inscribed in large capitals, "Welcome to the Prince of Wales." It was certainly a unique form of arch-building, and a marvellous proof of the docility of the elephants that they could be induced to remain in so constrained and apparently uncomfortable a position for any length of time.

Elephants take a prominent part in many of the entertainments given to the Prince of Wales. They salute him on bended knee, with their trunks lifted high in the air; they transport him in his travels from place to place; they figure largely with their gorgeous trappings in the pageants gotten up by the Indian princes for the reception of their distinguished guest. This is all well enough, and in these cases conformity to the fashions of the land involves no sacrifice of principle. But when the peacefully disposed animals are goaded on to a fierce battle with each other for the Prince's amusement, it is another thing. The picture of the elephant fight, with the heir presumptive to the British throne in prominent position, looking upon the brutal combat, which has appeared in all the illustrated papers, is a disgrace to the representative and prospective ruler of a great nation. Even if the royal guest felt that courtesy to his hosts required his presence at such a barbarous spectacle, the "special artist" might have omitted the sketch of a bloody fight where the presence of a Christian Prince seems not only an incongruity in view of his high official position, but also brings upon him the disapprobation of all those who despise an exhibition of wanton cruelty, and to whom a fight gotten up between two peaceably disposed brutes is nothing but a display of inhuman barbarity.—*Providence Journal.*

THE FASHION IN JEWELRY.

The regulation number of bracelets called "porte-bonheur" seems to be sixteen, all worn on one arm.

Opals are again in fashion, and are likely to continue so; for, in addition to the singular beauty of the gem, they are the only precious stones which defy imitation.

The court ladies of Europe wear jewelled bands tightly clasped around the throat. They are of exquisite workmanship, and are encrusted with precious stones.

Birds whose wings and bodies are incrusted with scales are set on wires for the hair, and earrings and nekolaces of similar material are almost equally showy and beautiful.

Pink pearls are greatly esteemed. One of these rare gems, unset and perfectly round, weighs forty-one grains; and a set of carriogs and pendant brooch of real beauty has large satin finish pearls, each weighing eighty grains.

Chains of sequins are very much used; they are grouped in rows of five or seven chains, but one or two rows are amply sufficient. Smaller chains are used for the hair.

A species of "blue jet" has been made to supersede jet in light mourning. This jet, under a bright light, throws off both blue and green tints.

Real Thought.—In a loose sense of the word, all men may be said to think; that is, a succession of ideas, notions, passes through their minds from morning to night; but in as far as this succession is passive, undirected, or governed only by accident and outward impulse, it has little more claim to dignity than the experience of the brute, who receives, with like passiveness, sensations from abroad through his waking hours. Such thought, if thought it may be called, having no aim, is as useless as the vision of an eye which rests on nothing, which flies without pause over earth and sky, and of consequence receives no distinct image. Thought, in its true sense, is an energy of intellect. In thought, the mind not only receives impressions or suggestions, from without or within, but reacts upon them; collects its attention, concentrates its forces upon them, breaks them up, and analyzes them, like a living laboratory, and then combines them anew, traces their connections, and thus impresses itself on all the objects which engage it.

RAILROAD SPEED.

Travelers on railroads are often desirous of knowing the speed at which they are moving, and, as a general thing, are not aware that with the aid of a watch they may readily do so, even when mile posts are not placed along the track. This may be done, says the *Scientific Press*, by simply counting the number of rails which are passed over in any given minute. On the best laid roads the hammering sound made by the wheels in passing from one rail to another is quite audible, and may be easily noted on whichever side of the car the observer may be sitting. All rails are either twenty-four or thirty feet long—the length may be easily ascertained by pacing or by measuring with a pocket rule at any station where the train stops. Then by counting the number of rails passed in thirty or sixty seconds, the speed of travel may be calculated by any passenger. When a train moves 14.67 feet a second, it is traveling at the rate of ten miles an hour, or a mile in six minutes

Sunshine.—Did you ever notice what a different aspect everything wears in the sunshine from what it does in the shadow, and did you ever think what an analogy there was between the sunlight of the cloudless skies and the sunshine that gleams into darkened chambers of the human soul? How bright and beautiful are the golden beams that break through the riven clouds to light up the world again after a succession of dark and stormy days. How peaceful and happy are the blessed words of hope and cheer that touch the heart and fill the soul with emotions of peace and joy after a long period of sorrow. There are none living who do not, in a greater or less degree, have an influence over the earthly happiness of others. The sense of contributing to the pleasure of others augments our own happiness.

The Quality of the Blood.

Upon the quality of the blood depends, in a great measure, the vigor and health of the body. If the blood is wanting in nutritious properties, the mu-cles are sure to be weak and flabby, the flesh deficient in quantity, the skin sallow and dry, the cheeks hollow, and the eyes lustreless. To improve the quality of the blood, stimulate digestion and assimulation with Hostetter's Stomach Bitters. Under the influence of this strength-creating cordial the body is efficiently nourished and the flesh grows, in consequence, more abundant, the muscles become more compact, the cheek is tinged with a healthful color, and the eye regains its brightness. The Bitters also free the blood from impurities by stimulating the kidneys and bowels to thoroughly perform their duty of carrying off the refuse of the system, which, if not entirely got rid of, poisons the vital current.

When loneliness of life is caused by superiority of soul, its compensations furnish the proper antidotes for its pangs, and we should be content and happy, not weakly submit to complain.

HOW MANY PERSONS,

Particularly those of sedentary habits, are constantly suffering from the effects of indigestion and Dyspepsia, which they allow to go on unchecked until they are prostrated by a fatal attack of bilious or typhoid fever. To all desiring a speedy cure for indigestion and Biliousness we can recommend that sovereign remedy, Schenk's Mandrake Pills. A trial will demonstrate the excellent remedial qualities of this great medicine.

Sold by all druggists.

How seldom we see a splendid head of hair! From sickness, excessive labor or neglect, thousands find their hair gradually wasting away. *Burnett's Cocoaine* will repair this waste. The Cocoaine is a perfect Hair-Dressing—a promoter of the growth of the Hair—a preparation free from irritating matter.

Wilbor's Cod-Liver Oil and Lime.—The great popularity of this safe and efficacious preparation is alone attributable to its intrinsic worth. In the cure of Coughs, Colds, Asthma, Bronchitis, Whooping Cough, Scrofulous Humors, and all Consumptive Symptoms, it has no superior, if equal. Let no one neglect the early symptoms of disease, when an agent is at hand which will alleviate all complaints of the Chest, Lungs or Throat. Manufactured only by A. B. Wilbor, Chemist, Boston. Sold by all druggists.

Rheumatism

Is radically, rapidly, and readily cured by use of Griffen's Rheumatic Remedies. Price One Dollar each. Sent by express, prepaid, on receipt of $1 25, to any part of the United States. Universal Hemorrhoidal cures Piles, *painlessly*, in a week. Price 75 cents. Sent by express for $1.00. Office, No. 116 S. Fourth street, Philadelphia. *Mention this paper.*

Coughs and Colds.—Those who are suffering from Coughs, Colds, Hoarseness, Sore Throat, etc., should try "*Brown's Bronchial Troches.*"

Attention is called to the advertisement of S. Landon in this paper, as interesting to all those contemplating purchases in that line.

DR. RADWAY'S

Sarsaparillian Resolvent,

THE GREAT BLOOD PURIFIER.

FOR THE CURE OF ALL CHRONIC DISEASES, SCROFULA, ULCERS, CHRONIC RHEUMATISM, ERYSIPELAS, KIDNEY, BLADDER, AND LIVER COMPLAINTS, DYSPEPSIA, AFFECTIONS OF THE LUNGS AND THROAT, PURIFIES THE BLOOD, RESTORING HEALTH AND VIGOR; CLEAR SKIN AND BEAUTIFUL COMPLEXION SECURED TO ALL.

Sold by Druggists. Price $1 per bottle.

R. R. R.

RADWAY'S READY RELIEF,

THE CHEAPEST AND BEST MEDICINE FOR FAMILY USE IN THE WORLD.

ONE 50 CENT BOTTLE

WILL CURE MORE COMPLAINTS, AND PREVENT THE SYSTEM AGAINST SUDDEN ATTACKS OF EPIDEMIUS AND CONTAGIOUS DISEASES, THAN ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS EXPENDED FOR OTHER MEDICINES OR MEDICAL ATTENDANCE.

THE MOMENT RADWAY'S READY RELIEF IS APPLIED EXTERNALLY—OR TAKEN INTERNALLY ACCORDING TO DIRECTIONS—PAIN, FROM WHATEVER CAUSE, CEASES TO EXIST.

In all cases where pain or discomfort is experienced, or if seized with Influenza, Diphtheria, Sore Throat, Bad Coughs, Hoarseness, Bilious Colic, Inflammation of the Bowels, Stomach, Lungs, Liver, Kidneys, or with Croup, Quinsy, Fever and Ague, or with Neuralgia, Headache, Tic Doloureux, Toothache, Earache, or with Lumbago, Pain in the Back, or Rheumatism, or with Diarrhœa, Cholera Morbus, or Dysentery, or with Burns, Scalds, or Bruises, or with Sprains, Cramps, or Spasms, the application of RADWAY'S READY RELIEF will cure you of the worst of these complaints in a few hours.

FOR SALE BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

Dr. Radway's Regulating Pills

Perfectly tasteless, elegantly coated, for the cure of all disorders of the stomach, liver, bowels, kidneys, bladder, nervous diseases, headache, constipation, costiveness, indigestion, dyspepsia, biliousness, bilious fever, inflammation of the bowels, piles, and all derangements of the internal viscera. Warranted to effect a positive cure.

Price 25 cents per box. Sold by Druggists.

DR. RADWAY & CO.,

32 Warren Street, New York.

POND'S EXTRACT.

The People's Remedy.

The Universal Pain Extractor.

Note: Ask for Pond's Extract.

Take no other.

"Hear! for I will speak excellent things."

POND'S EXTRACT

The People's Remedy, for Internal and External Use

CURES

Piles—Blind or Bleeding. Inflamations and Ulcerations. Hemorrhage from any organ—Nose, Gums, Lungs, Bowels, Kidneys, Womb, &c. Congestions, Enlargements.

INVALUABLE FOR

Dysentery & Rheumatism. Inflamation of Eyes & Eyelids. Inflamation of the Ovaries. Vaginal Leucorrhœa. Varicose Veins. Sore Nipples.

POND'S EXTRACT is for sale by all First-class Druggists, and recommended by all Druggists, Physicians, and everybody who has ever used it.

PAMPHLET containing History and Uses mailed free on application, if not found at your druggists

POND'S EXTRACT CO.,
New York and London

ALL NEW BOOKS

AS SOON AS PUBLISHED.

The Most Attractive Retail Department in the City.

Send for our New Catalogue, which we will send free to any address upon application.

Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger

624, 626 and 628 MARKET ST.

WANTED! Men to travel and sell our goods to DEALERS. No peddling from house to house. Eighty dollars a month, hotel and traveling expenses paid. Address ROBB & CO., Cincinnati, O.

$200 A MONTH. Agents wanted. Excel Mfg. Co., 131 Michigan av., Chicago, Ill.

25 FANCY CARDS, all styles, with name, 10 cts. Address J. H. Hunter, Nassau, Rensselaer Co. N. Y.

$200 a month. Agents wanted. Business non-resable. Excel. Mfg. Co., Chicago, Ill.

$5 to $20 per day at home. Samples worth $1 free. Stinson & Co., Portland, Me.

A HANDSOME and mysterious pocket-book free for stamp. Somers Co., Newark, N.J.

$12 a day at home. Agents wanted. Outfit and terms free. Tsue & Co., Augusta, Me.

AGENTS 25 elegant Chromos, mounted, 9x11 in. National Chromo Co., Philadelphia, Pa.

AGENTS For best chance in the world to coin money, address U. S. SAFETY POCKET CO., Newark, N. J.

GOLD Watches given away to agents selling our goods. Circulars free. Samples 25 cents. Empire Novelty Co., 369 Broadway, N. Y.

RICH Books, Curious Good, Sporting Articles, etc. 64-page book for two 3-cent stamps. W. J. BALDWIN & CO., 111 Nassau St., N. Y.

$57 60 AGENTS' PROFITS PER WEEK. Will prove it or forfeit $500. New articles are just patented. Samples sent free to all. Address W. H. CHESEBROUGH, 277 Broadway, N. Y.

CARDS 30 assorted Visiting Cards in tints with name sent for 15 cts. Samples sent for 3 cent stamp. E. L. SMITH, South Schodack, New York.

A CURIOSITY A Ten Dollar Bill of 1776 sent free for stamp. Address A. Hurst & Co., 79 Nassau Street, New York.

AGENTS 30 subscribers daily. *Best literary paper.* Only $1 50 a year. Three $10 chromos free. MUNYON & SPONSLER, Pubs., Phillada., Pa.

$250 A MONTH.—Agents wanted everywhere. Business honorable and first class. Particulars sent free. Address J. WORTH & CO., St. Louis, Mo.

FARM FOR SALE. 161 acres valuable Grass and Grain land. Good buildings, orchard, water, etc. Near village. R R depot and P O. Terms easy. Address, H. Seaman, Millport, Chemung Co., N. Y.

YES WE WANT an agent in every town. Easy work at home. Write now and we will start you. $8 a day sure to all. SIMPSON & SMITH, 64 Cortlandt St., New York.

VINEGAR. HOW MADE IN 10 HOURS, from Cider, Wine or Molasses, *without using drugs.* Name paper, and address, P. I. HAGE, Springfield, Mass.

NO MONEY We will start you in a business you can make $30 a week without capital; easy and respectable for either sex. AGENTS SUPPLY CO., 251 Bowery, N. Y.

$77 A WEEK to Agents, Old and Young, Male and Female, in their locality. Terms and outfit free. Address P. O. VICKERY & CO., Augusta, Me.

50 CENTENNIAL GAMES of American History on 50 cards, 75 cents. Also a new parlor game, Ten Plagues of Egypt, 50 cents. Sent by mail. Agents wanted. E. B. TREAT, 805 Broadway, N. Y.

DO YOU WANT MONEY Male or Female, send your address and get something that will bring you in honorably over $150 a month sure. INVENTORS' UNION, No. 178 Greenwich Street, New York.

READERS Wishing to advertisers who advertise in The Saturday Evening Post please say where you saw the advertisement.

MIND READING, PSYCHOMANCY, FASCINATION, Soul Charming, Mesmerism, and Marriage Guide, showing how either sex may fascinate and gain the love and affection of any person they choose instantly, 430 pages. By mail 50c. Hunt & Co., 139 8th Seventh Street, Philadelphia.

PHOTOS of Actresses, Love Scenes, etc., 10 for 25c. Cat. 3 for 25c; Beautiful Chromos, Bouquets, etc., 2 for 25c; Beautiful Floral Motto, 10 for 25c; Microscopic Opera Glass Charm, 25c; Scroll Cards of Birds, etc., 25 for 25c. S. K. LUDDEN, E. Lincoln, Maine. *Say where you saw this!*

MOODY & SANKEY'S Picture, 1 beautiful Actress' do., 1 Comic do., 1 Curious Picture Puzzle, 1 Book Secrets, and 3 mos. subs'n to "Welcome Guest," a paper of great interest to all. The lot, postpaid, only 10 cents. Address *to-day*, KENDALL & Co., Boston, Mass.

Wall St. Caricatures

A NEW BOOK, 48 PAGES, containing 14 engraved illustrations, WITH INFORMATION FOR STOCK SPECULATORS; price, cloth cover, 10 cents; paper covers free, by mail.

TUMBRIDGE & CO., Bankers and Brokers, 2 WALL ST., NEW YORK.

Cheapest and Best Self-working Revolver made.

Full nickel plated, 7-shot, sent by mail postpaid, on receipt of money order or registered letter for $5.00. By express, C.O.D., privilege to examine, with 100 cartridges $4.25. Address to full RUFUS SMITH & CO., 1173 Broadway, P.O. Box 3007, New York City.

SENT FREE.

CIRCULARS of the

Extraordinary

of APRIL 24th,

Kentucky, Brunswick and Saxon.

Box 2372. DAVIS & CO., 5 Pine St., New York.

AGENTS WANTED.

Men or women, $14 a week. Proof furnished. Business pleasant and honorable, with no risks. A 16-page circular and valuable samples free. Do not delay, but write at once on postal card to P. M. REED, 6th St., New York.

A PRETTY SINGING BIRD.

Great invention (patented). This little bird revolves in the air and sings like life, richly resembling the nightingale, goldfinch, canary, and linnet, changing its notes the same as the living birds. By mail 10 cents; 3 for 25 cents.

WOOD & SCOTT, Box 3708 New York City.

MAPS of the UNITED STATES, 3x5 feet in size, colored by counties, sent to any address by express for $1.00. This is the best map of this country published anywhere.

Agents wanted.

Address S. A. CLARKE & CO., 118 Wood Street, Pittsburgh, Pa.

AGENTS WANTED for the best biographies of MOODY AND SANKEY People's Edition 10 Condensed and Illustrated. Cents. Complete. This is the cheapest and best thing out. Don't sell any other till you see this. Large discount to agents. Address MUTUAL PUBLISHING CO., Hartford, Conn.

FREE TICKET

To Philadelphia and RETURN; good for all summer. From any point in U. S. east of Utah.

AGENTS Above R. R. Ticket fit also admits to Centen'l Grounds and $10 cash a day easily earned canvassing for our paper, pictures, &c. Anybody can do it. Particulars free. Send address on postal card. To receive copy of paper also, send 6 cts. Address THE ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY, No. 11 Dey St., New York.

SLATE MANTELS

ESTABLISHED 1812.

Of the latest and most beautiful designs, and all other Slate work on hand or made to order. Factory and Salesrooms, No. 1210 Ridge Avenue. WILSON & MILLER, Philadelphia, Pa.

THE CHRISTIAN UNION.

Rev. Henry Ward Beecher, *Editor.*

Sole *authorized* medium for the publication of

His Sermons Each Week.

$3.20 per year, Postage prepaid. To Clergymen, $2.00. Cash premiums to Agents. Send for particulars.

Horatio C. King, *Publisher,* 27 Park Place, New York.

E. F. KUNKEL'S BITTER WINE of IRON, Has never been known to fail in the cure of weakness, attended with symptoms, indisposition to exertion, loss of memory, difficulty of breathing, general weakness, horror of disease, weak, nervous trembling, dreadful horror of death, night sweats, cold feet, weakness, dimness of vision, languor, universal lassitude of the muscular system, enormous appetite, with dyspeptic system, hot hands, flushing of the body, dryness of the skin, pallid countenance and eruptions on the face, purifying the blood, pain in the back, heaviness of the eyelids, frequent black spots flying before the eyes, with temporary suffusion and loss of sight, want of attention, etc. These symptoms all arise from a weakness, and to remedy that use E. F. Kunkel's Bitter Wine of Iron. It never fails. Thousands are now enjoying health who have used it. Get the genuine. Sold only in $1 bottles. Take only E. F. Kunkel's. Depot and office, No. 209 North Ninth Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

Ask for Kunkel's Bitter Wine of Iron. This truly valuable tonic has been so thoroughly tested by all classes of the community that it is now deemed indispensable as a Tonic medicine. It acts but little, purifies the blood and gives tone to the stomach, reinvigorates the system and prolongs life.

I now only ask a trial of this valuable tonic. Price $1 per bottle. E. F. KUNKEL, Sole Proprietor, No. 209 North Ninth Street, below Vine, Philadelphia, Pa. Ask for Kunkel's Bitter Wine of Iron, and take no other. It is sold only in $1 bottles, with a photograph of the proprietor on each wrapper; all other is counterfeit. Sold by all druggists.

Tape Worm Removed Alive.

Head and all complete in two hours. No fee till head passes. Scal, Pin and Stomach Worms removed by Dr. Kossek, 209 North Ninth Street. Advice free. No fee until cured. Ask for Kossek's Worm Syrup. Price $, and guaranteed. Send for circular.

$50 FINELY PRINTED VISITING CARDS, White or Tinted, postpaid, for 25c Samples of Snow Flake, Marble, Repp, Scroll, Damask, Bristol, etc., sent for stamp. Sample copy of the Boston Ramblers, with particulars, free. Agents wanted. G. B. Ullman & Co., 13 Winter St., Boston, Mass.

WANTED!

A Few more Energetic Lady Agents.

Our Lady Agents make from

$5 to $10 Per Day.

For full particulars address

P. O. Box 28. F. P. ALLEN & CO., Rochester, N. Y.

ESHLEMAN & CRAIG.

SHIRTS

TO ORDER.

No. 821 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia.

First door below Girard House.

Samples and rules for Self-measurement sent free.

The Greatest Selling Centennial Book is

OUR COUNTRY & ITS RESOURCES.

As it WAS and IS, treating of our history and government, varied soil and climate, vast mountains, lakes, rivers, great cities and manufactures, wealth in minerals, great internal improvements, free schools, wonderful achievements, agriculture, commerce, finances, curiosities, etc. A Splendid View of this Mighty Yankee Nation. Richly illustrated. Nothing like it out. Low price. *Big terms.* Agents *supply quickly.* HURBARD BROS., Phila., Pa., Cincinnati, O., Chicago, Ill., or Springfield, Mass.

ONLY FOR BOTH Patches, Freckles,

AND TAN. Use Perry's Moth and Freckle Lotion. It is reliable.

FOR PIMPLES ON THE FACE,

Blackheads or Flesh worms, Ask your druggist for Perry's Comedone and Pimple Remedy, the infallible skin medicine, or consult Dr. B. C. PERRY, Dermatologist, 49 Bond Street, New York.

SHIRTS

AND

MEN'S FURNISHING GOODS.

WINCHESTER & CO.,

706 Chestnut Street,

PHILADELPHIA.

All the NEW STYLES of FANCY SHIRTING.

Full variety of UNDERWEAR and FANCY GOODS suitable for the season.

Orders by mail promptly filled.

Send for card for self-measurement.

AGENTS WANTED FOR THE

CENTENNIAL HISTORY OF THE U. S.

The great interest in the thrilling history of our country makes this the fastest selling book ever published. It contains a full account of the approaching Grand Centennial Exhibition.

CAUTION.—Old, incomplete and Unreliable works are being circulated; see that the book you buy contains 442 Fine Engravings and 925 pages.

Send for circulars and extra terms to Agents. Address, NATIONAL PUBLISHING Co., Philadelphia, Pa., or Cincinnati, Ohio.

FARM FOR SALE.

A fine farm in Monroe Co., Pennsylvania of 127 Acres, 60 acres natural meadow, yielding annually 70 tons of hay. 45 acres good rich plow land. 10 acres timber. Like fence all good. Spring of water in every field. House new frame, 8 rooms, slate roof. Also tenant house of 3 rooms. Pine barn, with stone stable, holding 16 head of stock. Tool house, corn crib, also spring house with never failing spring of cold soft water, within 60 feet of dwelling. Fine apple orchard, also cut trees and small fruits. Splendid Hunting, very healthy. Four miles from the Celebrated "Delaware Water Gap," 2½ miles from depot; 12 miles from Stroudsburg (county seat). Good home market. Two trains daily. Two horses, six cows, six hogs, mowing machine, horse-rake, large wagon, spring wagon, buck board, plows, harrows, harness, tools, and everything wanted on a first-class farm or country residence. Will sell the complete establishment for $7500, half cash, balance in 2 years at six per cent. interest. Address "OWNER," Care of Saturday Evening Post, Phila., Pa.

The Stiger Patent

STOCKING SUPPORTER

AND

SKELETON WAIST

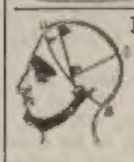
Combined for Children.

An invention for supporting the stockings, drawers and skirts from the shoulders, and thereby relieving the limbs from being bound with a garter or elastic, and the waist and hips from carrying the weight of the skirts.

We will send a single one prepaid, on receipt of 75 cents.

In ordering, give the length from the shoulder to the top of the stocking. Address

STIGER MANUF'G CO., 66 Warren St., New York City. P. O. Box 4691.



R. DOLLARD,

512

CHESTNUT ST.,

PHILADELPHIA.

Premier Artiste

IN

HAIR.

Inventor of the celebrated GOSSAMER VENTILATING WIG and ELASTIC BAND TOUPEES.

Instructions to enable ladies and Gentlemen to measure their own heads with accuracy:

For Wigs. Inches	*Toupees and Scalps. Inches*
No. 1. The round of the head	No. 1. From forehead back as far as bald.
No. 2. From forehead over the head to neck.	No. 2. Over forehead as far as required.
No. 3. From ear to ear over the top.	No. 3. Over the crown of the head.
No. 4. From ear to ear round the forehead.	

He has always ready for sale a splendid Stock of Gents' Wigs, Toupees, Ladies' Wigs, Half Wigs, Frizettes, Braids, Curls, etc., beautifully manufactured, and as cheap as any establishment in the Union. Letters from any part of the world will receive attention.

Private rooms for Dyeing Ladies' and Gentlemen's Hair.

SUCCESSFUL MUSIC BOOKS.

Getze's School for Parlor Organ

It is already in the hands of 30,000 learners and players on Reed Organs, and deserves this and greater success. Contains 176 graded lessons, including nearly 50 agreeable Pieces, a dozen Songs, and 25 short voluntaries, $2.50.

Centennial Collections for Old Folks Concerts. New. 40 cents.

Shining River. The next book for your Sabbath school. 35 cents.

Bellak's Analytical Method For Pianoforte.

As the very first instruction book. First three months on the piano) nothing can be better. Very easy pieces, nicely fingered and graded. Does away, mostly, with the dryness and drudgery of the first quarter. In paper, 75 cents.

High School Choir. $1.00.

For High Schools, Academies, Seminaries.

Gems of English Song.

A large elegant collection of Choice Songs, with Piano or Reed Organ accompaniment. 222 pages, sheet music size. $2.50 in boards; $3 00 in cloth.

All books mailed, post free, for retail price.

OLIVER DITSON & CO., BOSTON.

C. H. Ditson & Co. J. E. Ditson & Co.
711 Broadway, New York. Successors to Lee & Walker Philadelphia.

WANAMAKER & BROWN

MEN & BOYS CASH ONE PRICE GUARANTEE

CLOTHING HALL

S. E. COR. 6th & MARKET STS. PHILADA.

"The pastime of the day is to see how cheap they can sell clothing."—Weekly Times, N. Y. Jan. 15, 1876.

4 OUNCES FOR 25 CTS.

SECRETS WONDERS

And Mysteries. A 64 page book, richly illustrated, containing Hundreds of Illustrations, sent free to all for Twelve stamps. Address J. FLETCHER & CO., Williamsburgh, New York

ANN ELIZA YOUNG.

AGENTS WANTED for the new Book by Brigham Young's Wife No. 19. 25,000 already sold. Illustrated circulars, sent free. Duestin, Gilman & Co., Hartford, Ct., Chicago, Ills., Cincinnati, Ohio, Richmond, Va.

Prof. Hall's Magic Compound is the only preparation, one package of which will force the beard to grow thick and heavy on the smoothest face (without injury) in 21 days in every case, or money cheerfully refunded. 25 cents per package, postpaid; 3 for 50 cents. E. W. JONES, Ashland, Mass.

WANTED.—Agents for Labor Reform suspender, ladies' garment suspender, and the best known inventions for supporting stockings; goods indispensable; agents are earning from $12 to over $150 per week. B. J. GREELY, 883 Washington st., Boston.

FREE Watches to Agents who will sell our Centennial Stationery Package. It contains 18 sheets Paper, 18 Envelopes, Golden Pen, Penholder, Pencil, Patent Yard Measure, and a piece of Jewelry. Single package with paired elegant Sleeve Buttons, post-paid, 25c. Circulars free. M. MIKOLAS & CO., Philadelphia, Pa.

10 DECALCOMANIE, or TRANSFER PICTURES, with book of 100 pictures, giving full instructions in this new and beautiful art, sent post-paid for 10 cts. 100 sets 12 pictures, 50 cts. They are Heads, Landscapes, Animals, Birds, Insects, Flowers, Autumn Leaves, Comic Figures, &c. They can be easily transferred to any article so as to imitate the most beautiful painting. Also, 5 beautiful GEM CHROMOS for 10 cts.; 25 for 50 cts. Agents wanted. Address J. L. PATTEN & CO., 163 William Street, New York.

EXTRAORDINARY.

Before investing in anything whatever, lottery, stocks, lands, etc., etc., send for one of our circulars, which will give full information FREE. Address

TAYLOR & CO., BANKERS, 11 Wall st., N. Y.

AGENTS WANTED for the New Historical Work, OUR

WESTERN BORDER.

A Complete and Graphic History of American Pioneer Life

100 YEARS AGO.

Its thrilling conflicts of Red and White foes. Exciting Adventures, Captivities, Forays, Scouts, Pioneer women and boys, Indian war-paths, Camp life, and Sports.—A book for Old and Young. Not a dull page. No competition. Enormous sales. *Agents wanted everywhere.* Illustrated circulars free. J. C. McCURDY & CO., 755 Seventh St., Philadelphia, Pa.

HO, FOR THE BLACK HILLS!

Rifles Single or Repeating of Best Makes at all prices, from $5 to $50.

Shot Guns Double and Single Muzzle and Breech Loading, $4 to $200.

Revolvers 44 or 5 Shooters, for ball & cap, or metal cartridges, $5 50 to $15.

Call and see or write for illustrated price list.

GREAT WESTERN GUN WORKS, 283 Liberty Street, Pittsburgh, Pa.

A NEW DEPARTURE FOR LIVE MEN

TRAVELING & LOCAL SALESMEN wanted to introduce our manufactures in every city and town in the U. S. & CANADA. $50 to $100 per month all expenses paid. THE HIGHER priced men preferred. A new mode of selling over OLD & STAPLE manufactures. None need apply who do not mean business and desire a PERMANENT SITUATION. Apply by letter or in person to J. M. JOHNSON & CO., 149 Main St. CINCINNATI, OHIO.

25 CENTS For 25 first-class Visiting Cards. In order that you may see what they are, I will send by return mail 50 with your name neatly printed on them, upon receipt of 25 cents and a three-cent stamp. You will receive samples of Glass, Marble, Snowflake, Repp, Damask, Tinted and White Bristol. I simply some of the most careful and expert printers in the country, and send out none but *first-class* work. Printers in all parts of the country are sending to me to fill their orders, as they cannot afford the same quality of work at my prices. Every week my cards are growing in favor and popularity. "More than pleased." "Never was so well satisfied before." are almost unanimous expressions. Try one pack and you will say the same. All your friends will want a pack when they see yours. Address W. C. CANNON, 46 Kneeland Street, Boston, Mass.

AGENTS WANTED

FOR OUR NEW BOOK:

"MARVELS OF PRAYER,"

BY

Rev. Matthew Hale Smith.

Containing History and Incidents of the Old Fulton St. Daily Noon Prayer Meeting.

This work supplies a want long felt by the Christian public. AGENTS every where are doing handsomely. We allow large commissions. Send for circulars and terms; or, to save time, enclose One Dollar for Canvassing Outfit complete.

EVANGELICAL PUBLISHING CO., 103 Fulton Street, P. O. Box, 5268. NEW YORK.

Clarke's All-Blood Vitalizing Compound **A B C**

Never fails to give a good appetite. It purifies the blood and restores to the Liver its primitive health and vigor. It is the best

THE BOUDOIR.

In our last we promised to give, or rather continue, our descriptions of the leading fashions for spring, in outer wraps, and concerning the decision as to the bonnets and hats we shall wear. In the opinion of a woman a bonnet holds a very marked place. It is the apex, truly, of her charms, such of them as are communicated to her by the adjuncts of the toilette. As we are at that "apex" now, we will first take up our parable concerning its shape.

The shape destined to be most popular, we think, is that which has the sides coming down closely to the ears a rather drooping brim at the back, and a flared front, standing well up above the forehead, and differing from the abruptness of the ordinary revers front. The space between the forehead and the top of the hat is filled in by a bandeau of sewed silk, arranged in soft folds, and generally mingled with creamy lace. The outer part of the hat is trimmed with folds of the silk, lace and ostrich tips or else soft serge ribbon; and again a fine netted scarf of silk, of any of the cream tints, with a small mesh, and fringed ends is used for trimming.

There is a soft material used which has the appearance of crape, and also damasse silk. Flowers will be used in great profusion, all tints are shown, and in making a selection one can be guided by such combinations as will best accord with the tints of hair and complexion.

We are glad to record the fact that the cruel custom of killing by myriads the beautiful songsters and brightly plumaged birds, for the purpose of obtaining their wings, and in many cases heads and tails, as ornaments for hats, has been so cried down by the charitable and tender-hearted, that even Fashion has been obliged to yield, and it is no longer *en regle* to bedeck your hats and bonnets with the beauties of "the slaughtered innocents." There has been much said and written upon this subject lately, and by good and wise people, so that it may not be inappropriate to allude to it here. We notice gladly the willingness with which the majority of women have lent their efforts to suppress this needless cruelty, even when in so doing they had to take a stand against prevailing fashion! Could a greater courage be displayed?

In outer wraps, which the treachery of our springs make necessary far on into the sunny June days, there is a preference displayed for black silk and cashmere sacques. Some light dolman manties are to be seen, but for general wear nothing is so elegant and serviceable as black.

Among those which we saw at the opening of Messrs. Homer, Colladay & Co., the past week, were many in black silk, the thick, soft-finished cashmere sublime, and also a closely repped faille, which possessed a fine but not too glossy lustre. The shapes were for the most part the French sacque, as it has been known during the past winter. Long in front, and gradually sloping upwards towards the middle of the back. The long seams commencing from the shoulder, prevailed in nearly all. The trimmings were for the most part, fringes, lace—both Chantilly, which is very expensive, and a fine imitation of it, called Calais lace; and also wide braid, galloon, small silk buttons, silk pipings and folds. Upon one black silk sacque, the trimmings were silk folds, and very small silk buttons, arranged in rows between a sort of lattice-work of the folds, and upon the pockets and cuffs of the sleeves; it may seem incredible to hear that upon this garment, which was not very large, and which seemed in no wise overtrimmed, there were more than seven hundred of these tiny buttons, fifty-nine dozen!

A charming passementerie of an inch wide, was sewed in a pattern upon fine black net, and set in the upper part of the back of one handsome black silk pardessus in the form of a pointed berthe. The same trimming was set in the sleeves near the wrists and in the pockets, and in all the parts surrounded by a scant ruffle of two inch wide Calais lace—a jabot of this latter trimmed the front of the neck.

A dolman, of fine gray cloth, had the peculiar sleeve which marks that garment, only that it was neither so long nor full as has been the mode; in this model it only fell upon the wrist in front and buta little way below it at the back. The long shoulder-seams and a lack of spring in the waistband was neared, gave the close French look that is now much affected abroad, and noticeable in the imported wraps. The trimming of this garment was a bordering of brown silk folded in points, the latter upturned, and with only the base sewed down; bows with hanging loops of brown ribbon were placed at the throat in front, and also back of the round upright collar.

In less formal wraps, suitable to be worn in the morning, and in the country, are shown loose double-breasted sacques, in the long-established English walking-coat shape; and of a soft, striped and plaided woolen material. The colors are for the most part neutral in tint, and when shaded are in what is termed "cameo plaids." Silk bands or a band trims the bottom—and in some cases rows of machine stitching are used as garniture. A double row of black gutta-percha or tinted vegetable ivory buttons closes the front.

There are many polonaises to be seen among imported goods; preserving some of the features of the old Marguerite shape, especially in the back, where the tendency is to place the drapery low down and keep the cuirass firm upon the hips.

A very pretty material for spring goods is shown in stripes, and made up in combination with pongee of a tint to match the stripe. The material is pure wool, with sometimes the intermixture of silk in the stripe. We saw a new suit of this material, so neat in effect that we cannot pass it by.

The foundation color was gray, a warm French gray; the stripe a pale plum color. The underskirt had two bias flounces, each seven inches deep; the lower one of the same material as the suit, cut bias, and gathered on the upper one of pongee of the shade of the stripe. The front of the overskirt was deep and square, with bias folds of alternately the striped goods and the pongee laid diagonally across it, at a distance of six inches apart; these folds were only one inch in width, and two were put together in laying them on; also they extended around to where the sides joined the back width, and were concealed under the drapery there. The back width was long, and straight; looped in puffs from just below the waist to within a half yard of the bottom, where a kilt-pleated sash of the pongee fell over the straight end. The pongee was draped also with the puffings of the back width. A deep pocket of pongee, laid in pleats turning one way, was placed on the left side—on the right were bows of pongee arranged in a line perpendicularly. The waist had a Continental vest of pongee; a long sleeveless sacque of the striped goods, with pongee sleeves, and a round collar and flaring cuffs.

Centennial sleeve-buttons are sported by the juveniles.

OUR WORK TABLE.

We propose to give instructions in this issue for the making of a Tidy in darned netting. This kind of work is less practised here than abroad; and, during the present fancy for the netted squares of linen thread, darned in guipure patterns, which are combined with squares of colored satin, forming very handsome tidies it is true, but also very expensive ones, this work might be spoiled to the same purpose, and when skilfully done, not readily discerned from the imported articles.

In order to make our tidy, you must use No. 40 or 50 sewing cotton, if you use cotton thread; if linen thread, get the kind that comes for embroidery upon spools, and of a medium fineness. Use a mesh of about the thickness of the sixth of an inch, and round, smooth, also. Commence with one stitch for foundation; into that net two; into the two, three; and so on increase until you reach one hundred and twenty-five stitches if you wish a medium sized tidy, and a hundred and fifty in you wish a large one. Now commence to narrow, one stitch every row, until you again reduce it to one stitch, then your foundation is done. Stitch the netted square into an embroidery frame; and with a darning-needle and moderately coarse embroidery cotton, darn in and out of the squares any pattern you may select, using as a guide the blue and white patterns that come for crochet work. Be careful not to draw your thread, and be sure to fill in evenly and closely your squares. Darn corner-pieces and border, if desired, in the same way, and finish the edges with a deep fringe of the embroidery or darning cotton. If a guipure pattern is desired, work wheels in the centre of the squares, and connect by twisted threads, in spider-like tracery. Nothing prettier or more durable than these tidies can be made. Making a foundation of colored crochet cotton, and darning in colored wools, gives a variety.

ANSWERS TO OUR CORRESPONDENTS.

CLEMATIS.—Make your brown silk with two flounces on underskirt and with deep overskirt. The style we have spoken of as "la Bolteuse" is very pretty for silk. Have deep pleated pocket on the right side. Plain cuirass basque, with fringe trimming, and long seams in the back.

MRS. E. BERRS (Ohio).—Sent pattern on 27th inst.

P. R.—Not intruding at all. Make suit of pique with kilt plaited skirt, and deep vest, with jacket closed at the throat and falling open over the vest. Trim with braid, and pearl or white ivory buttons. Yes; bustles are worn, widening out at the bottom, and not very bouffant at the waist. NIXON.

A LEAP-YEAR PROPOSAL.

There was the snuggest sort of fire in the parlor of the farmhouse of Farmer Jones, who lived many miles away from the city. The lights of the sperm candles on the centre-table burned dimly, and Hettie sat imbedded in a luxurious rocking-chair, reading all about the doings of some noble courtier and his gallantry to a beautiful lady.

Hettie Jones was eighteen. Pert and pretty, golden curly hair, large blue eyes, little dimpled hand, and a head filled with romantic ideas.

Her great and only fear was that she would never get a husband. This was from two facts. First, she was too pert, saucy, dignified and—some people said—conceited, and that's why the young men were shy and gave her a wide berth; then, again, she had been to boarding-school, and had assumed so many city airs that the farmers' sons in her neighborhood felt so much out of place in her society that they rather avoided than sought her.

Hence it was that the young men were shy. At the quiet country church on Sunday they scarcely nodded, some smiled, and a few ventured a word or two.

Hettie was the best-dressed young lady at all the meetings. She hated those horrid conceited city young men. They were, at best, a set of coxcombs, society butterflies, and too fond of wines, late suppers and no sleep. She never told many people of this. More folks might have imagined it, had they but considered the fact that she preferred country life and manners, and had visited the city but once in six months, neither had she many callers, and no person had ever ventured to say that Hettie had a beau, or that she corresponded with anybody but ladies.

Still the young men in that valley dared not venture too nigh. In spite of the many invitations extended, they did not trust themselves under the fire of her little, busy, chattering tongue. They knew she was rich, handsome, lady-like, a thorough scholar, and plenty of them had seen her at work in the hayfield, at the wash-tub, in the dairy and at sewing. And then Hettie was accomplished in household affairs.

Ever since she was ten years of age she loved Harry Helms, living on the adjoining farm. They never corresponded, notwithstanding the fact that they had been fast friends before she went to school. Her three years of seminary life turned her little head somewhat, and she forgot all about writing to any one. And when she came home the first time, she was so Frenchified that she hardly knew her old friends.

Harry Helms had grown up to be a handsome, athletic young man. He was a tower of strength in the neighborhood, and the idol of all the girls. Even he was shy, however, of Hettie, his dear friend since childhood. He was four years her senior. He had frequently called on her, but only for a very short time. In *fact*, he was about the only visitor at the Pine Hill farm.

On the night in question Hettie sat reading and wondering whether Harry Helms would get back from the city in time to call. He had been away three months, and had promised to come to her on the night of his return. Not promised to call exactly, but promised to bring several articles she had asked him to purchase for her, and that she wanted them just as soon as he got home.

That young man wouldn't have missed that engagement for half the world, but not another soul knew it but himself. Hettie Jones never would have dreamed it. He urged his horses up hill and down, and when the sun faded in the twilight, and the shadows deepened into darkness, he reached home that very night.

One hour afterwards he was knocking at the front door of the Jones farmhouse. Two minutes afterwards Hettie was inspecting the articles purchased, and for awhile the parlor table looked like a peddler's pack.

"Beautiful!" she exclaimed. "I could not have made better selections myself."

A half hour later the visitor wanted to leave, but was prevailed upon to remain.

"Why do you always run away from me?" she asked, deeply in earnest. "It does seem as if you had forgotten that we were once very good friends, Mr. Helms."

"Yes, once! Then you never called me mister; and you were a different person then. Now we are very different," was the young man's reply, as he drew the chair closer to the fire and farther away from the cherry-cheeked girl.

A thousand odd fancies flitted through her brain at that time. She knew she deeply loved him, and yet she was not understood. Probably the boyish love of years ago had departed from the strong man in front of her.

"Don't you like to be called Mr. Helms? If it will please you better, I will call you Harry as I did years ago; but then you must take me out walking and sing to me just as you did then; and you must call me Hettie just the same as you did when we were little; and you must think more of me than anybody else, just as you did then; and——" In the twinkling of an eye her heart seemed to swell in her throat, she suddenly realized what she was saying, and in an instant she turned deathly pale, swooned and fainted away in her chair.

Her hands were cold as ice, her lips were bloodless, and her face white as snow. It was a faint in reality. It was some time before water revived her, but when she awoke she was in stronger arms than her father's or mother's. She was held there, too, in spite of her weak efforts to get away.

Harry Helms that night understood Hettie better than ever before. They were married, and another such a brilliant wedding was never celebrated in all that valley.

After they had been absent on their wedding tour several days, the loving little wife said to her husband: "Harry, I don't believe we ever would have been married had it not been for my thoughtless tongue. I made the first love to you, and that's how it all came about, didn't it?"

Her only consolation now is that they are very happy, that it was leap-year, and that none of the neighbors knew anything about it.

A LOVING spirit, in order to feel a joy himself, readily discerns the little joys of the poor; a malignant heart spies out their miseries, not to lessen their amount, but that he may grumble at the rich.

INDUSTRIAL SKETCHES.—No. II.

CLAXTON, REMSEN & HAFFELFINGER,

PUBLISHERS, BOOKSELLERS AND STATIONERS, 624, 626 & 628 MARKET ST., PHILADELPHIA.

It is important at all times to know just where to get our books and stationery, but especially will this be true of Philadelphia during the Centennial season now approaching. So much cheap, trashy and unreliable literature, particularly in the line of City and Centennial guides, maps and directories, will be forced upon the market and urged upon the visitor at every corner, that great caution will be needed in order to select those works which really *guide*, and do not misguide the purchaser.

We may say, to begin with, what is already known to many of our readers, that the house which forms the subject of this sketch is universally recognized as of such sound judgment and reliability, that its imprint on any publication is as sure a guarantee of the soundness of the work as the imprint of any house could be. The gentlemen composing the firm were, one might almost say, born in the book business of this country, have grown up with it, and have been part and parcel of all its developments and progress. They were members of the now old house of Lippincott, Grambo & Co., but the steady growth of the trade demanded division, and in 1868 they founded the new house of Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger, now as familiar to the readers of good books as the firm names of the oldest book houses in Europe or America.

For a few years they occupied the building Nos. 819 and 821 Market Street, but steady enterprise and increasing prosperity obliged them to provide ampler quarters for their constantly enlarging business, and February 22d, 1873 (a good day for any undertaking), they moved into the new building on the south side of Market Street, just below Seventh. The above cut of this building gives a fair idea of its size and solidity and general adaptedness to the needs and uses of a great publishing and bookselling house in a great city like Philadelphia.

The building is 60 feet wide by 131 feet in depth. There is a double basement, or cellar and sub-cellar.

In the sub-basement are piled immense quantities of school books, either the publications of this house, or selected with the greatest care from the best school books issued by other great publishing houses. School books form a much larger item in the bookselling business than the public at first thought would be apt to suppose, and Messrs. Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger are constantly shipping great quantities of them to the west and south and all parts of our country, besides doing a large retail business in this line at home. The cellars are stored with slates, maps, table cards, and other articles used in the every day school and home education of our children.

The first floor consists of one spacious salesroom of ample height and dimensions, splendidly lighted, bright and cheerful looking, with galleries on each side, affording means of speedy access to the literary treasures on the upper shelves. The private offices and counting-rooms are in the rear on this floor. The second floor is appropriated to the stationery business, where a full supply of every variety of goods in the line of plain and fancy stationery is kept constantly on hand. In this branch, as in the book business proper, the house does a wholesale and retail business, and parties desiring to purchase either in large or small quantities are treated with politeness, and will be very apt to find here at lowest market prices the articles they require.

During November and December, 1875, the iron gratings formerly protecting the front windows were taken down, and other changes made about these windows, all looking to a fine and full display of the literary stores that had been piled on the counters on the inside alone, and now a person passing the building will hardly fail to be attracted by the rows of richly bound standard and popular books which are arranged with taste, and may be clearly seen through these fine plate-glass windows.

It was a wise and timely movement, looking to a large increase in the general retail business of the house. It has vastly improved the appearance of the building outside and inside, and the house now claims to have the most attractive retail book department to be found in the city of Philadelphia. The improvement of the front appearance of the building is, however, only a part of a general plan and purpose of the house to foster the growth of its retail trade. It is prompt in procuring all new books as soon as they are published by any house in Europe or America, and strives to have on hand a supply of these, so that when you call, you will be pretty sure to find the work you are seeking, no matter how or where you may have heard of the same. The salesmen are polite and informed in their business, and if by any chance you should not be able to find here the books you are looking for, they will, if you so desire, be immediately ordered for you. It is a live and energetic book house, conforming its modes and plans of business to the spirit of the age in which we live.

Among their standard works in various lines, we would call especial attention to the following: *Gibbon's Rome*, with notes by *Rev. H. H. Milman*. *Hume's England*. *Johnson's Lives of the English Poets*. *The History of Charles the Bold*, Duke of Burgundy; by *John Foster Kirk*. *Macaulay's History of England*. *The Works of James Madison*. A new stereotype edition of *Rollin's Ancient History*, in four vols. *Thiers' History of the Consulate and Empire of France, under Napoleon*. The editions of all these works are issued by this house in various styles of binding, the prices always reasonable, and in their cloth editions, within the means of most persons given to the reading of such works.

The house of Messrs. Claxton, Remsen, and Haffelfinger is quite noted for its valuable works on *Civil Engineering* and *Practical Mechanics*. Among these we would call attention to the following three works by *Trautwine*. *Civil Engineer's Pocket Book of Mensuration, Trigonometry, etc. A New Method of Calculating the Cubic Contents of Excavations and Embankments by the Aid of Diagrams. The Field Practice of Laying Out Circular Curves for Railroads*. And the following two works by *Robert Riddell*. *The Practical Carpenter and Joiner. The New Elements of Hand railing*. And the following three works by *Stephen Roper*. *A Catechism of High Pressure or Non-Condensing Steam Engines. Handbook of the Locomotive. Handbook of Land and Marine Engines*.

This house has also published many valuable and charming juvenile books, too numerous to mention; but we are tempted to make special note of *Cecil's Books of Natural History*. Also the "*Peep of Day Series*," in 4 vols., embracing the following: "*The Peep of Day*." "*Line upon Line*," "*Precept upon Precept*," "*Here a Little, and there a Little*."

This house has constantly on hand a full supply of religious works and law books of all classes and denominations, and has made a sort of specialty of the beautiful selection of devotional hymns known as the "*Hymnal*" of the Episcopal Church. You will also find on the counters of the first floor, already referred to, a full and fine assortment of all the popular novels, story books, biographies, pamphlets, and periodicals of the times. Also a rich collection of the great standard illustrated editions of *Dante*, *Hogarth*, *Shakespeare*, *Dore*, and the finest modern works on art and architecture.

Among the *Centennial* publications of this house, every visitor to Philadelphia during the coming season will need the following: *The Complete Centennial Railway Guide Map of Philadelphia;* by *L. M. Haupt*, civil engineer; pocket edition, 24x28 inches, handsomely bound in cloth, showing the locality of all steam and horse railways and depots, also Philadelphia as it was one hundred years ago, reduced from a map in the library of the Historical Society of Pennsylvania; price per copy, 75 cents. *The Illustrated Handbook of Philadelphia;* by *William Sychelmoore;* containing one hundred and thirteen engravings, maps, etc., of the principal places of interest in and around the city; bound in fine cloth, $1.00; illuminated paper, 50 cents. *A Guide to Fairmount Park and the International Exhibition;* by *Charles S. Keyser;* fully illustrated with colored plates, maps, and engravings; quarter cloth, black and gold, $1.00; illuminated paper, 75 cents.

In a word, the house of Messrs. Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger is worthy of note as one of the few good book houses of Philadelphia, and their publications can be depended upon as among the completest and the most reliable books of modern times.

PERSONALITIES.

OFFENBACH wields the baton in New York for the first time in May.

THE Duke of Devonshire has 182,998 acres with a gross rental of £140,403.

THOMAS JEFFERSON rode on horseback to Washington, hitched his horse to a rail fence and walked over and was inaugurated.

THE Emperor William possesses forty-three different decorations, all of which, with the exception of the Black Eagle order, are in some way connected with martial glory.

CALEB CUSHING is not the oldest ex-Cabinet Minister living. He was appointed Attorney-General in 1853, but George Bancroft was appointed Secretary of the Navy in March, 1845.

DR. VON DINGLSTEDT, the director of the Hofburg Theatre, Vienna, was recently raised to the rank of Baron. At the same time the three managers of the same establishment were made Knights of the Order of the Cross of Francis Joseph, the four leading actors and actresses were permitted to style themselves hereafter "royal imperial court-players," and all the attaches received decorations or gifts of money.

AN incident of the Queen's recent visit to the London Hospital is recorded: "A little girl four years old, who was brought into the hospital on January 14 with a burned side and thigh, had previously said: 'If I could only see the Queen I should get well.' This remark was reported to her Majesty, who determined to gratify the child's innocent wish. 'My darling,' said the Queen to this little girl, 'I hope you will be a little better now.'"

JOAQUIN MILLER is often alluded to as one of those strange men of the prairie whose especial *forte* and delight is the killing of Indians for pastime, and buffaloes for food. *Harper's Weekly* on the contrary, says he is "an exceedingly quiet, diffident, gentlemanly young man, very industrious, self-respectful, simple in his way of life, and has the practical good sense to invest in solid securities the respectable income from his labors not required for his support."

GEN. LORING, who commanded the Egyptian troops in their battle with the Abyssinians lately, served with distinction during the Seminole war, fought on the side of the Texans in their war for independence, commanded a regiment in Scott's army in Mexico, losing an arm at the taking of the City of Mexico, and was in active service during the whole of the late war. He has a strong love for military life, although he has an ample private fortune.

J. C. CALHOUN has admirers who think he has now been dead long enough to have a monument, or at least for one to him to be started, which is not quite the same thing. The work is in charge of the Ladies' Monument Association of Charleston, S. C. It has been decided to have the foundation and pedestal of native granite, and surmounting this will be a colossal figure of Calhoun in bronze, to be modelled after the statue by Powers, which in former years occupied a place in the City Hall of Charleston. The site has not yet been determined.

MISS CLARA MORRIS gives this lively reminiscence of two well-known actors: "They were boys then: one tall, blonde, and lazy, the other short, dark, and active. It was Sunday night; every one had gone to the Quaker meeting-house a few doors above. They were alone, without cards, or checkers, or books, but Satan came to the rescue. A certain proposal was drawled by the long chap, and eagerly accepted by the short one. They then put on their hats and coats, armed themselves with a broom, a pail of water, and a dipper, and went forth into the still, bitter cold of the night, and worked diligently. They swept a broad path over the sloping sidewalk, quite free from snow; over this they poured a dipper of water, then waited. In a few minutes it had frozen; then another dipper of water, and another wait, until the path was glass like in its icy smoothness. A whisk of the broom sent a light covering of snow over it; the work was done, and the godless laborers, gathering up their tools, scrouged themselves down on the doorstep and conversed pleasantly. Presently the doors of the meeting-house opened, and two lines of Friends—one made up of males, the other of females—came out. These lines, coming down the steps separately, met and mingled in a crowd on the pavement for a few moments, then broke into twos and threes, and came gravely down the sidewalk. Suddenly the stillness of the night was broken by a whack! whack! and two snorts that were as one. A female Friend flew to the rescue—whack! The whole congregation, filled with wonder, came ambling down to the scene of disaster—whack! whack! whack! groans and snorts; 'thees' and 'thous' filled the air, and, with cheeks stained with tears of laughter, they sat on the step and 'took it in,' those sons of Belial, since so well known to the world as Joseph Jefferson and John Elmler."

SCIENTIFIC NOTES.

IN order to detect the presence of carbonate of lime in water, add lime water, which will precipitate carbonate of lime, giving the water under test a milky appearance.

AN eminent French physician thinks that the decrease of dyspepsia and bilious affections in Paris is owing to the increased consumption of apples, which fruit, he maintains, is admirably prophylactic and tonic, as well as a very nourishing and easily digested article of food.

AMONG English scientific men the belief is gaining ground that hydrophobia may and sometimes does result from the bite of a perfectly healthy dog. Instances of this kind among dogs are cited, but thus far no case has been observed of a human being exhibiting the terrible disease except as the result of a bite from a rabid animal.

A VERY good impression of any article of metal having a flat ornamented surface may be taken by wetting some note paper with the tongue and smoking it over a gas flame. The article is then pressed upon the smoked part, when, if the operation is carefully conducted, a clear impression will appear. This can be made permanent by drawing the paper through milk and afterwards drying it.

TWO soda lakes have been discovered in Wyoming Territory, one averaging two hundred acres and the other about three and a half acres. It is estimated that the largest lake would yield an evaporation of over four million dollars worth of soda, and the smaller lake already crystallized is supposed to contain another million dollars worth of soda. During the greater part of the year this lake is in a concrete mass of carbonate of soda crystals.

A CHICAGO inventor proposes to beat cars of all kinds with red hot shot, weighing 100 pounds each, placed in a box under the car, with registers in the floor of the car. Five balls would heat the car for four hours, and the furnaces for heating them could be placed at stations one hundred miles apart. The *Iron Age* suggests that if the inventor would project his hot shot at the cars as they passed along, he could make it warm for the passengers without using as many shot as by the first plan.

THE monster 81-ton gun, now being experimented on by the English Ordnance Office, has been somewhat altered as to its bore. The previous calibre having been fourteen and a half inches, it has been enlarged to fifteen inches. From the data obtained this important result was deduced—that an enlarged calibre had a tendency to reduce the pressure in the powder-chamber, and to increase the velocity of the projectile. The behavior of the gun seemed even improved by the enlargement of the calibre. The probability is, then, that another half inch will be given to the calibre, making its diameter fifteen and a half inches.

A BOILING LAKE.—The discovery of a boiling lake in the island of Dominica has excited much scientific interest, and investigations of the phenomenon are to be made by geologists. It appears that a company exploring the steep and forest-covered mountains behind the town of Roseau came upon the boiling lake, about 2,500 feet above the sea level, and two miles in circumference. On the wind clearing away for a moment the clouds of sulphurious steam with which the lake was covered, a mound of water was seen ten feet higher than the general level of the surface, caused by ebullition. The margin of the lake consists of beds of sulphur, and its overflow found exit by a waterfall of great height.

M. HAREL says it is a mistake to suppose that the accumulation of guano on the islands of Chincha consists of the excrements of sea birds inhabiting these islands. In reality, it is composed of two strata, differing both in the mode and date of their origin. The upper stratum, far the smaller, is composed of the excrements and bodies of birds and seals now occupying these islands. The lower stratum took its commencement in prehistoric times from the excrements of birds, let fall to the bottom of the sea, only a limited portion of which was occupied by these birds. The stratum thus formed has been since raised (as still occurs in the present day) at the same time as the bottom of the sea and the islands themselves are only the result of these upheavals.

CORRESPONDENCE.

DECLINED WITH THANKS.—The Merry Heart. Pattern Wives. Our Hatty. The Point of Honor. A Hundred Years. Song of the Spring Breeze. Two Pictures. Keeping School.

L. J. G.—The bride stands on the left of the bridegroom when the wedding ceremony is performed.

J. N. T.—"Please tell me what type metal is composed of?" Type metal is an alloy of lead with one third or one fourth of its weight in antimony.

AN AMBITIOUS ONE.—We should recommend you to send the composition to Messrs. J. E. Ditson & Co., Music Publishers, 922 Chestnut St., Philadelphia, and ask them the questions you have put to us.

CORA.—You will find on the fourth page of the last issue of the POST, No. 30, the excursion rates, which have been adopted by the Railroads for those intending to visit Philadelphia during the Centennial.

A. B. C. (New York).—It would be impossible for us to name any "value of the poem in question translated." 2. The poem would be of no use to us for two reasons, first its length, and secondly because it would be a translation. We thank you, however, for the offer.

R. S.—To make one strong and muscular is not always within one's power. Some persons are constitutionally weak and thin, and never become otherwise. But if anything can improve the health, it is plenty of outdoor exercise, with a careful diet and regular habits of living.

J. H.—The requisites for writing good poetry are—a tolerably good education, a vivid imagination, or, as the phrenologists say, large ideality, an intense appreciation of the beautiful, a fine ear for music—that means, good organs of time and tune—and abundance of good taste. Bad grammar in every sense is inexcusable.

N. G. S.—A knowledge of Latin or Greek is not indispensable, nowadays, to a man of education, because translations can be had of every Latin or Greek author of merit, while a "Dictionary of Quotations" gives free translations of all the ordinary quotations. Still, an acquaintance with both of these languages is not by any means to be despised, as it may smooth many a rough spot in your English studies, and lighten up many an otherwise obscure and foggy expression.

H. A. H.—How to win a husband is one of the few secrets which women keep to themselves. We are not in it. But we have no sympathy with you in your dread of being "an old maid." Some old maids are excellent persons. Just think how infinitely better it would be to be an old maid than one of the unhappy married women whose letters we so often receive and have to answer them! Many husbands who write to us wish their wives were old maids, and many wives who write to us wish they had never married. So be content with your lot—if you do not have an offer.

DANIEL T. F. (Indiana).—"What is likely to be the price of board per week, and is there a catalogue of hotels and their location? If there is such a catalogue, where can it be obtained. I purpose visiting Philadelphia some time this season, and any information you can give me will be very welcome." There will be thousands of private families in Philadelphia in which plain but good board will be had at from $3 a week and upwards. At the hotels the lowest that we have yet heard of is $2 50 a day. There is no catalogue of hotels, showing their locations and rates they intend charging, published anywhere that we have seen, though such a catalogue would be of great service, not only to intending visitors but to the hotels themselves.

EMMA.—First—Should a young lady on being introduced to a gentleman shake hands? Second—Do you think the study of Shakespeare is elevating to our moral nature? If not, why have his works gained such popularity? Third—What is the meaning of Ma mere and La petite? Fourth—Do you think it is wrong to play checkers in a private circle of friends, when they play just for amusement and not for money? 1. Yes, if she chooses to do so. 2. The reader's understanding and appreciation of Shakespeare must be considered. His popularity is owing to his transcendent genius. 3. Ma mere means my mother; and la petite means the little one. 4. There is no harm in playing checkers for amusement.

AMY is or pretends to be, so very innocent as not to know what a kiss is, and wants an explanation; and we are just as innocent as she is. Some call it a junction of lips; but this is a mechanical definition, worthy of the genius of a civil engineer or railroad director. Some chemists regard it as a galvanic battery, and the effect produced they call animal galvanism, for galvanism always requires two metallic plates with moisture between them, and these plates of different metals, such as zinc and copper. There are also psychological definitions, and neuralgic definitions, and definitions innumerable; but they are all so inadequate to explain the precise character of the fact, that we must refer AMY to a practical illustration for further satisfaction.

ETTIE AND MAY have been having a dispute about an offer of marriage. Ettie says that one should be deeply in love before saying "I will;" while May thinks that if she "respects and esteems" the gentleman, that would be enough. Well, it is altogether a matter of taste; we cannot all feel alike upon such important matters; but there can be no doubt in our opinion, that intense love is far more likely than esteem to be disappointed by marriage. When passion cools, the spiritual eyes are opened, and we may chance to see what we could not perceive so long as our eyes were shut. When passion is not intense there is no such blindness, and therefore no particularly great delusion to be removed. A cool judgment of character is always the truest.

H. S. T.—Scolding is mostly a habit. There is not much meaning to it. It is often the result of nervousness and an irritable condition of both mind and body. A person is tired or annoyed at some trivial cause and forthwith commences finding fault with everything and everybody in reach. Scolding is a habit very easily formed. It is astonishing how soon one who indulges in it at all becomes addicted to it and confirmed in it. It is an unreasoning and unreasonable habit. Persons who once get in the way of scolding always find something to scold about. Women contract the habit more frequently than men. This may be because they live more constantly in the house in a confined and heated atmosphere, very trying to the nervous system and health in general, and it may be partly that their natures are more susceptible and their sensitiveness more easily wounded.

ANNIE.—"All last winter a young gentleman appeared to be very much at school to me. But toward spring he seemed to change and flirted with other young ladies. These young ladies said that he had ceased to care for me, supposing that he had given them reason to think so. I returned his ring by letter. He sent me a note, saying he was very sorry if he hurt my feelings in any way. All this time he was attentive to these other young ladies. Well, he called once after he sent me the note and was the same as usual. I asked him to call again, when he left, and he said he would, but did not. We were friends to all appearance after that; only he never called. The other day he called again and has called once or twice since." In our judgment Annie had better let this erratic gentleman go on his way. To act in such a way with a lady is too cool—it is below zero. Let him alone till he comes to himself, and if he does not, you lose nothing.

LOVER OF JUSTICE.—We have much pleasure in giving insertion to the following letter from a valued correspondent: "I have been much pained by seeing jokes and sneers constantly being made about mothers-in-law in different papers, and having noticed that the POST has been an honorable exception in this way, never having seen anything of the kind in its columns, I venture to write you a few lines on the subject which I hope you will publish in your correspondence column, where they will be sure to be read. There is a great deal said nowadays about the disrespect shown by children to old people; but how can it be otherwise, when they have the example set them in almost every paper that meets their eyes? Indeed, with many it seems to have become an article of belief that the greatest proof of intelligence and wit that can be given is to open their silly mouths and give utterance to an original or plagiarized sentiment, insulting to those who, above all others, are worthy of our affection and respect—our mothers. How any man or woman who has ever loved a dear mother, how any man who loves or even respects his wife, how any sensible woman can be guilty of such unkindness and glaring injustice, passes my understanding. It is an old saying that 'when the young laugh at the old they laugh at themselves beforehand.' This is particularly so in this case. For instance, how could I, with any regard to my own future, throw slurs at my mother-in-law when I myself am a mother? How will it please me, after all the weary, sleepless nights and anxious days, which every true mother bestows upon her little ones, after all the kisses, and caresses, and loving care lavished upon them, after I have subjected myself to innumerable toils and privations that they may enjoy life—how will it please me, I say, after a few more years of love, and toil, and care have fled, and my heart is as full of love for my children as ever, to be stigmatized as an obnoxious creature, whose death—speaking according to the sentiments of our witty friends—would be the signal for a general jubilee? And all this because to a stranger I shall have given up my tenderly nurtured ones!"

☞ *A number of communications have been received, which will be answered next week.*